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# JAQUELINE

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## OLZEBURG.

CHAP. I. 1. 1. 1.

# J A Q U E L I N E

O F

## OLZEBURG :

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## FINAL RETRIBUTION.

A ROMANCE.

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## JAQUELINE of OLZEBURG.

THE face of every inhabitant of the castle was clouded and dejected; and the voice of pleasure not to be heard. The hour was twelve. The hall was hung with black cloth, and a single taper burnt upon a coffin, which was covered with a magnificent pall, and which contained the cold body of the Baron of Olzeburg. Two men, habited in sables, stood by the corse, and a priest was devotionally employed for the peace of the baron's spirit. The bell of the castle was tolled; the doors of the hall were thrown open, and the sorrowing servants entered. They

all assembled round the coffin, and six children, bearing in their hands lighted torches, were placed in the front.

At length a female, leaning on the arms of two servants, and preceded by men bearing flambeaux, approached with solemnity, and prostrated herself before the coffin. She shortly after arose; the corse was then taken up, and carried to the chapel of the castle. The baron on his death-bed, had directed to be buried in this manner; and his will being performed, all the attendants dispersed, and went weeping to their beds. Jaqueline, the daughter of the baron, retired to her chamber; her women offered to pass the night with her; but she possessed a mind superior to the attacks of superstition, and having declined their services, she dismissed them for the night.

Jaqueline

Jaqueline was the only child of the baron, and possessed all his immense property, except the amount of a few legacies and bequests. She was about twenty-five years of age ; her person was remarkable for beauty, but it was of that nature which excites more admiration than actual love. Her stature was elevated, and her eyes were full, dark, and penetrating ; they were mirrors in which the state of her soul might frequently be seen. Her mind was strong and vigorous, and education had enriched it. With her equals she was reserved ; she shewed no condescension to her inferiors ; and there were moments in which she discovered pride, impetuosity, and ill-humour. Still Jaqueline was, sometimes, captivating ; she could fascinate the men, and gain applause even from the women. But it was in the higher circles only that she condescended to shew her powers ; and her attendants saw in her little to

commend. She had been at the courts of Vienna and Berlin, where she had, by the singularity of her manners, excited as much disgust as admiration. Offers of alliance had been frequently made to the baron; but they were all rejected by his daughter, and in that peremptory manner which left no hope of success from future solicitation.

The death of the baron had been somewhat sudden, and as he had ever been a most indulgent parent, his loss, at first, excited much sorrow and regret. Affection rose above every other passion, and Jacqueline wept for the premature dissolution of her father. But a month had scarcely passed, when she was calm and composed. She again displayed her habitual dignity, and grief was not to be traced in the lineaments of her face. The disposition of the deceased baron had been very amiable, and his dependants

ever

ever loved him. The Baroness of Olzeburg had been dead about five years; her manners, disposition, and person, were very like those of Jaqueline. Her pride had been excessive; and her ungovernable passions frequently urged her to display absurdity and incongruity. The baron's affection made him blind to many of her imperfections, though he was sometimes pained by the violence of her actions. The domestics expressed little regret for her death, and secretly considered it as the happy removal of a tyrant.

Jaqueline had no relations residing with her at the castle; and she chose to remain in perfect seclusion, rather than admit a whining companion, or visit those whom she did not respect. She was one evening standing at the window of her chamber; the sun was setting behind a thick wood, and the rural scenery excited some

little pleasure. She saw a young man, with a single attendant, ride slowly to the gate ; she looked earnestly at him, and recognised the features of Ubric Altorf, a youth whom her father had supported from an infant, and on whom he had bestowed the education of a gentleman.

Ubric was the son of an officer, formerly in the Imperial service, who had fallen in battle, by the side of the Baron of Olzeburg, to whom the child was recommended, with all the eloquence of an expiring parent. The baron undertook the charge, and accordingly protected the little orphan ; treated him with parental fondness ; and at the age of eighteen placed him in the service of the King of Sicily.

Such uncommon generosity was repaid by uncommon acknowledgments : Ubric gave his benefactor every grateful thank  
that

that sprung from a liberal and noble mind; he loved him, and prayed God to shower blessings on him.

Ubric was, at this time, in his twentieth year; he had been two years in Italy, and, during that time, had not seen the face of his respected benefactor. On receiving an account of the baron's sudden death, the grief of Ubric was excessive; he bore a truly filial love for the baron, and felt all the anguish of a dutiful and affectionate son on the dissolution of a revered parent. His spirits, his colour, and his appetite all fled from him; and he determined on leaving Italy immediately, in order that he might seek again the mansion of his benefactor, weep over his tomb, and console those whom he had left behind in sorrow and affliction. With this determination he began his journey: The intervening time, until he reached Germany, brought him no com-

fort ; and when he approached the castle, in which he had been benevolently reared, he could not restrain his tears, and they rushed into his eyes. He rode weeping up the avenue. He particularly noticed a large tree, under which he had often talked and read to the Baron. He went on ; and the gates were opened by a servant in mourning. The man was old, and immediately recollected the face of the youth ; he burst into tears, and Ubric proceeded to the hall.

His heart seemed as cold as the marble on which he trod. The baron's sword was suspended in the hall, and his picture, drawn by an eminent Italian, was placed beneath it. Ubric ran eagerly up to it, and threw himself on his knees ; he clasped his hands, and directed his eyes towards the portrait ; he even kissed the cold canvass, and fancied, for a moment that he was actually speaking to the baron.

baron. But the illusion soon became gross, and he sobbed aloud. Still he contemplated the picture with reverence and with sorrow. The original had soothed the dying moments of his father, with kind assurances,—had sheltered his charge from poverty, from insult, and from danger,—reared him with tenderness,—instructed him with attention, and sent him into the world with honor and prosperity.

“ This friend rests in death,” said Ubric, “ and his spirit, ere now, has arrived at heaven, whose inhabitants assisted it in its flight, and hailed it, with a general welcome, in the residence of the Omniscient. Man is not perfect: But who possessed fewer errors than the friend for whom these tears now flow? He was mild as spring, and bountiful as summer. It was joy to him to diffuse happiness; he lived but to prove himself

the friend of mankind, and when he died he left not a better man on earth. His charity was not confined to the giving of a florin, after solicitation and entreaty. He sought for the afflicted, and waited not for application. He delighted in raising the distressed ; in cheering the unfortunate ; in recalling the roses of health in the cheeks of the emaciated ; in raising the eye of the dejected widow, and in seeing the meagre orphan smile on the prospects of returning prosperity. O, pattern of excellence ! long must I regret thy loss ; long must my heart——”

“ Ubric !” cried a voice behind him ; he raised his eyes, which were filled with tears, and beheld Jaqueline. She extended her hand ; he took it, and pressed it to his cold lips. His tongue was motionless, his form agitated, and his face colourless. Jaqueline, who had lulled her griefs to rest, now felt them in a state  
of

of revolt ; to avert their effect she turned from Ubric, and walked, for a few minutes, to the other end of the hall, when she returned, with tolerable composure, and again looking at Ubric, begged him to accompany her to her apartment.

" Welcome, dear friend," cried Jacqueline, on entering the room ; " welcome again to the scenes of your youth. I am glad to see you, Ubric ; believe me I am. Since your departure I have often thought of you ; and it gives me pleasure to see you again in Germany."

" Thanks, thanks," cried Ubric ; " your reception is kind and generous— but oh, Jacqueline ! —"

" What says my friend ?"

" When I was last at the castle I could gaze upon, and talk with your

father. When I left him he gave me, and in this very room, the sword that now hangs by my side. 'Wear it, he said, with honor; use it with glory; and when you return to me, convince me that no impurity dwells upon it.' I took the weapon, and kissed the hand that gave it to me. Oh, Jaqueline, my heart is filled with agony!"

"Your sensibility, Ubric, is too powerful; let me teach you philosophy. He for whom you mourn reposes in the bosom of Omnipotence, and participates the blessings of refined spirits, which impotent mortality can never attain. He dwells with angels—with that conviction we scarcely need wish him to dwell with men."

"This is not unknown to me; but even the assurance of his entering into a state of blissful eternity cannot make me cease

cease to regret his loss. No one on earth, perhaps, need regret it so much. His friends must remember him as a cheerful and agreeable companion; his relations as a being whom they were bound to love, to honor, and to respect; but oh! in what manner must I remember him? surely as a man in whom every virtue was combined, and whose equal mine eyes must never behold. What had I been had he abandoned me in my childhood? Poverty might have hung upon my back, and ignorance warped my intellects; pride would have spurned me; meanness shunned me; nay, probably, I should but have lived to loathe existence. Thought he of me, before his death?"

"Not an hour before he expired he spoke your name. He blessed you, likewise."

"And blessed me too! dear saint, may the smiles of God attend you." Ubric  
hung

hung down his head ; folded his arms, and walked to the window to conceal his emotions. Jaqueline did not interrupt him ; but, almost forgetting the subject of their conversation, as well as the cause of his agitation, she gazed, with quick eyes, upon the grace and manliness of his person and the uncommon beauty of his face. Ubric was tall, and his limbs were finely moulded ; his form was generally erect, and his gait noble and commanding, without affectation or superciliousness. His dignity was divested of all pomp ; and he won all hearts with the sweetness of his disposition. Still a proper spirit guided his actions ; and his resentment followed designed injury ; the common frailties and errors of man he beheld with mildness ; but premeditated vice ever received his correction. His family once had not wanted lustre ; but the dissipation and extravagance of his grand-

grandfather had worked it's ruin, and left no wealth to support it's honors.

The most indifferent physiognomist must have discovered, by the harmony of the lineaments of his face, that his disposition was amiable. His crisped dark brown locks played upon his fair forehead, and waved carelessly over his shoulders ; his eyes were full and brilliant, although, at this time, they were robbed of part of their lustre by dejection ; and his features were formed to please.

This was the figure that Jaqueline contemplated ; her heart glowed with admiration, and her gaze was expressive of delight. She discovered a thousand attractions in Ubric, which she had never before noticed, and likewise a thousand beauties, which placed him above every other man that she had hitherto seen. There was little sorrow in the breast of Jaqueline ;

Jaqueline ; the baron was forgotten by her ; and though several of the most distinguished of her countrymen had solicited her hand, and been repulsed by her, still she thought she should be truly happy if she could captivate the handsome Ubric, who derived a thousand advantages from nature, though not one from fortune. She strove to divest his mind of melancholy ; she wanted to see him smile ; for if he was so interesting in the moments of sorrow and dejection, what must he be when joy enlightened his countenance, and sent his youthful blood into his cheeks ? " O, he must then be a god !" she inwardly murmured, while her soul seemed to dawn through her fascinated eyes. Jaqueline, in some degree, succeeded ; the grief of Ubric dissipated, though sorrow had not yet wholly fled ; his countenance however was more animated, and his brow less contracted. Delight ran with the current of Jaqueline's blood ; when Ubric touch-  
ed

her hand, her heart seemed to receive a similar pressure ; and smiling with ineffable sweetness upon him, she talked of their early sports.

Ubric was pleased with his reception, and he thought Jaqueline a very amiable woman, and undeserving of the censure which the world bestowed upon her ; but he knew not her actual sentiments ; and the wild passions of a woman, artfully managed, he construed into warmth of friendship and benevolence of disposition. He, however, thought that the death of her father was too little regarded ; but he, likewise, thought it probable that her grief had been banished by the pleasure occasioned by his sudden and unexpected appearance ; and if that were the case commendation was claimed of him, not reproof. They discoursed on various subjects till midnight, when Ubric retired to his chamber.

## CHAP. II.

IN the morning Ubric was risen by five o'clock ; he immediately left his chamber, and, with an heart filled with love and rapture, took his way to the cottage of Julia Reizenhain. The morning was lovely, and the air refreshing. The spirits of Ubric were raised considerably ; he brushed the dew that hung on the high grass of the meadows through which he had to pass, and in about half an hour, arrived in sight of the little habitation of his Julia, which stood in a valley, surrounded by poplars and alders. The eye of Ubric having caught the sight, he instantly stopt to enjoy it ; he had not seen it before for two years ; and two years had passed since he had last pressed Julia to his

his heart and told her that he loved her. He walked a few yards further, and saw Julia sitting by the door. She was knitting, and warbling a beautiful little ballad, which Ubric had taught her to sing before he went into Italy. The dress of Julia was formed only of green stuff and white linen. Her beautiful locks were prevented from straying over her fair neck; the shorter ones, however, were allowed to play upon her forehead, and to meet her long eye-brows. She appeared to be simplicity residing in the shades of nature. Ubric sprang forward, and caught her in his arms. "My Julia! my beloved girl! what rapture it is to press you again to my bosom. It is Ubric!—Ubric, after an absence of two long years, is returned to Julia and to love!"

"Ubric!" cried Julia, clasping her hands with joy;" may I, indeed, believe it?

Am

Am I so blest, so happy! Feel how my heart beats; it is all tumult."

" What, and no love, Julia?"

" Oh! I am so happy to see you again. You know, Ubric, I am a poor simple girl, and these tears are so obstinate; they flow—they flow for your return. Ah, Ubric! I have so trembled for you! War is such a terrible thing; and if you had died—"

" What then, Julia?

" I think I should have died too; what would life have been to me if you had not been living?"

" My lovely Julia! You ever were dear to me; but these traits of affection and sensibility enhance your value. You have been constantly in my thoughts—"

" Have

“ Have I, indeed ?” cried Julia, with unrestrained delight ;” pray where—where is the picture that I gave you on the evening preceding your departure ?”

Ubric drew it from his breast, and placed it on his lips. Julia’s pleasure was apparent ; but a blush rose upon her cheek, and covered her beautiful bosom.

“ It has been my companion,” said Ubric, “ ever since I left you, and has not, in all that time, been a day from my breast. I have gazed upon it till my senses deceived me, and I fancied myself actually with the original. In the night, when the moon shone upon me, I have lain in my bed, and gazed upon the dear portrait, ’till I slumbered, and dreamt of my Julia.”

Julia sighed, and became thoughtful, and Ubric asked her the occasion, when

*she*

she begged him to return the picture, in order that she might destroy it. "And for what purpose would you do this, Julia?"

"That you might the easier expel me from your heart and memory," replied Julia, with tears in her eyes. "I am at length convinced, and by reason, that your passion, my dear Ubric, will, if not early crushed, be productive of much mischief, Abandon me—forsake me!—I know it would break my heart; but if it insure you happiness I shall have nothing to regret."

"Julia!—"

"Nay, hear me, Ubric; listen to my reasons before you condemn me. I hope that fame, wealth, and honor, will, at some future period, be bestowed on you by the friends of merit. You have yet

to

to court fortune, and if I were your wife she might be averse to your solicitations ; your plans might be destroyed ; your designs frustrated ; and your expectations blasted ; then, in advanced age, we might retire with indigence, and gain nothing from the world, but contempt. Consider my present poverty, and humble state of life. It gives me pleasure to know that my birth is not ignoble ; but the Baron of Reizenhain has refused to acknowledge me as the daughter of his brother, though he has consented to settle an annuity on me, sufficient to drive the fiend poverty from my door. Take not to your arms a destitute wife, my Ubric, lest she and her children should effect your misery, and all the best affections which nature has planted in your breast should be driven from thence, and care, discontent, and unhappiness, supplant them."

" Proceed,

“ Proceed, my dear Julia; I will listen to you, patiently.”

“ I would willingly point out all my disadvantages; for I confess I love you too well to bring unhappiness to you. I only wish you to fly from me, because I am poor, and cease to remember me because I shall never be rich. There are thousands of women, possessing wealth, rank, and beauty, who would gladly accept you for an husband. Seek one of them; insinuate yourself into her favor, and wed her. Invite Julia to the wedding feast; she will come with smiles upon her face; she will assist in adorning the happy bride; she will join in the epithalamium, and be the loudest of the minstrels. And when you, Ubric, fly to the joys of a bridegroom, and meet the warm wishes of your panting bride, Julia will lay herself down with content, and tranquilly die before the morning breaks upon your raptures.”

“ Sweet

“ Sweet enthusiast !” exclaimed Ubric, catching her in his arms ; “ I could listen to you for hours, though your arguments are not convincing. May the chain of marriage harrass me to death on the nuptial day, unless Julia be my bride. I tell you, my sweet girl, we shall be blest ; an happier couple will not exist. I will charm you with unwearied assiduity, and you shall repay me with unbounded love. Our days will be happy and our nights rapturous. Love, himself, shall be a slave to us ; attend on us ever ; come with our wishes, and delight us with his smiles. O, Julia ! what a store of bliss there is reserved for you and me ! Our children”—

“ Gently, gently, good Ubric.”

“ Our children shall sport around us, and serve as mementoes of past delights. The boys shall learn of me honor and valor, and the girls of thee mildness and

virtue. The anticipation of such events makes me joyful. I know not what the good old Baron—(peace be with his soul!)—has left me; I have cause, however, to suppose that I was not forgotten by him. But I shall soon return to the army. You, Julia, must accompany me; as mine; as my wife. Your charms will fire the soft voluptuous Sicilians, and I shall see my wife admired, without feeling the throes of jealousy."

"Heavens, Ubric, what an impracticable scheme!"

"It is not impracticable, and if Julia wishes me to live she will execute it; if not—do you wish me to live, Julia?—Before I quit the village the priest shall join our hands; our hearts want no further union. O there is ecstacy in the thought! Then we will hasten to other scenes, and participate in all the joys of reciprocal

reciprocal love. You cannot, possibly, have any local attachment: Your friends are few; and I dare say no eye will moisten for your loss, except old Kathrina should weep a little at your departure."

Their conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of the person of whom Ubric had spoken, and with whom Julia had lived several years. The old dame came forward, with a little basket on her arm, in which there was some corn for her poultry. She was chanting a love song, which had been familiar to her nearly half a century, and there was still something amorous in her manner of singing. She saw Ubric, leaning over Julia, who was sitting under a clump of willows. "O, lord!" she exclaimed, running hastily up to him; "can I trust my eyes, and be sure that I see my dear Ubric again? Give me your hand, and let me feel whe-

ther you be flesh and blood. Yes, yes ; 'tis no ghost I find. I must kiss you, my dear, I am so overjoyed. Welcome, welcome again to Germany."

"I thank you, my good Katherina," said Ubric ; "I am truly happy to see you and Julia again."

"Aye, aye ; I dare say you are. Dear me ! what a monstrous handsome fellow you are grown. Why, you have a leg that any woman might look at, and admire too ; and then you are grown so tall, that my head is but a little above your middle. 'Tis true I am but low ; for my poor husband, who lies at his length, in yonder church-yard, used to call me the pretty little fairy. Well, and how have you been since you went away ? How many men have you killed, and how many girls have you ruined."

"I have

“ I have been merciful in war, Kathrina, and constant in love.”

“ That’s right ; I was afraid the girls in Italy would have driven poor Julia from your heart. I am glad to find that you can be constant to one pretty woman. The very day on which I was married to Joseph, I gave him a caution to love no other woman, nor let his thoughts dw on things which were forbidden. When my charms flourish, said I, I shall expect an undivided love from you ; and when they begin to fade, your passion will, I suspect, begin to expire. Pretty well that ; was it not ? But that is not the only witty thing I ever said. Well ! and so you love Julia as much as ever ? ”

“ I love her a thousand times *more* than ever I did, said Ubric, kissing the white hand of Julia.

“ Well, well! God speed ye, and give you all you wish. We used to talk about you many an hour, and poor Julia always played at cross-purposes, till she worked herself into the fidgets. “ I dare say, Katherina,’ she used to say, ‘ that Ubric is a favorite at court ; but court connections are very dangerous. I suppose, Katherina, Ubric will make a great warrior,—but oh, if he should be run through the body with a sword!” In the winter she would say, ‘ lord, Katherina, perhaps poor Ubric is exposed to the wind, and to the snow, and to the hail ; and in the summer she would fret lest you should be too hot, and the sun should make your skin brown. And then she used to talk about the pretty Italian girls, and the freedom of their manners ; and the passions of young men ; and love ; and constancy, till her visage was as long as my arm.”

Julia

Julia made several attempts to stop the voluble tongue of Katherina, but none of them were effective. The loquacity of the old woman was as pleasing to Ubric as it was disagreeable to Julia. They soon after went into the cottage, to talk more fully of past occurrences, and to express their mutual pleasure on this happy meeting.

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## CHAP. III.

BEFORE Jacqueline closed her eyes she often repeated the name of Ubric ; there was sweetness in the sound, and it pleased her ear. When she sunk into sleep she was enchanted by her dreams, which related wholly to the person of whom she

had, but some few hours before, thought with unconcern and indifference. But Jaqueline had always been subject to sudden impressions ; if she loved, it was with enthusiasm ; if she disliked a person she soon felt the force of implacable hatred. Moderate affection and trivial prejudices were alike unknown to her ; she either shewed extravagant love or malicious detestation, and Ubric had excited the former emotion and taught her to love to excess.

She summoned her woman to her chamber, and in dressing she bestowed more than ordinary pains. Her robe was loose and negligent, and where she could display a charm she endeavoured to make it irresistible. She certainly looked very lovely, and having viewed herself in a large mirror, she descended the stairs and was met by Ubric. He had just entered and exercise had finely tinted his cheeks ;

Julia

Julia had warmed his heart ; and his eyes, though not under the influence of pleasure, were no longer expressive of grief. He met Jaqueline with a smile ; but the smile that she returned was more conspicuous, it sprang from inward delight, from joy, from the thrilling pleasures of her soul ! Ubric appeared not mortal to her ; he seemed a descendant of the gods. This was a day of happiness to Jaqueline ; her table was spread with more than usual luxury ; soft music was played during the repast ; the most delicious fruits, and the finest flavoured wines composed the dessert, and all these delicacies were prepared only for Jaqueline and Ubric. The latter was astonished by the magnificence of every thing around him. In the baron's time he had never seen any thing so costly, and, for a moment, he thought it singular, that Jaqueline should recall her remembrance from her father, in order to

display such superfluous taste and splendor—But was it not a mark of her respect for him, and a proof of her pleasure on seeing him again?—assuredly it was—how, then, could he attach censure where acknowledgments were due? After this short and secret self-argument, Jaqueline rose again in his opinion, and he looked on her as a fine, accomplished, and attractive woman.

But all her charms were not capable of raising a particle of love; Julia was his only object, and Jaqueline could never gain his affections. Jaqueline, however, entertained a different opinion; she knew not of his attachment, and did not doubt but that she should effect a conquest and gain the heart of Ubric.

Thus self-assured of victory, she began her attacks, and flattered herself with a speedy capitulation. She did not once allude

allude to her father ; and when she found Ubric's mind recurring to his deceased benefactor, she introduced some lively topic, and conversed with vivacity on subjects of a very different nature.

She ordered horses for a short ride, and asked Ubric to accompany her over the grounds, to which politeness obliged him to acquiesce, although he had flattered himself that he should have employed the hours of evening in sitting with Julia in her bower of woodbine. Jaqueline rode with spirit and elegance ; sometimes she walked her horse slowly by the side of Ubric's, and at other times galloped boldly on, and checked the beast with great dexterity.

As they were passing through a narrow lane, not far distant from Julia's cottage, Jaqueline designedly fell from her horse ; but she descended on a green

mossy bank, and received no manner of injury. Ubric immediately flew to her assistance and catching her in his arms eagerly enquired whether she was hurt. Jaqueline was flattered by his assiduity, and thought his actions sprung from affection. Affecting to be much frightened she threw herself into his arms, and reclined against his breast. She languidly raised her eyes to his face, and seemed as if she were fainting. She continued to be supported by him nearly a quarter of an hour; while his arm encircled her, her heart beat violently and she trembled with delight, though she was apparently, at the same time, distress by her accident.

At length she declared herself able to return to the castle; but she refused to mount the horse again, and proposed to walk home. A man, who had attended her, was desired to take charge of the horses, and Jaqueline, putting her arm through

through that of Ubric, they walked thro' some meadows which led to the castle. Circe was not better pleased with the effect of her spells on Ulysses, than was Jaqueline with the result of her finesse, trifling as it was. She wanted to gain the heart, and secure the affections of Ubric, and she knew that little arts sometimes attracted when bold experiments failed. There was more fervor than delicacy in her passion; had Ubric made an immediate declaration of love, she would as soon have replied to it, and not have left him to hope for future success, but given him conviction of reciprocity by sinking into his arms.

As they proceeded she laid aside the mask of duplicity, and appeared again in her natural character. She looked tenderness, and smiled enchantment. Her fine eyes roved over his person; they wandered from head to foot, and sometimes rested

rested with languishment upon his face. Still Ubric did not suspect that he was the object of her love, and her words and actions were supposed by him to flow from the source of friendship.

Passing by a small grove they heard music; they stopped and listened; the sweet notes of Julia, came upon Ubric's ear and he had before heard her sing the simple roundelay. Jaqueline allowed the voice to be harmonious, and had scarcely expressed a wish to know who the invisible songstress was, when Julia, with a light and careless step, came walking from the covert. As soon as she saw them her warbling ceased; a deep blush spread upon her cheek, and she passed them hastily. Jaqueline looked at her, and said that the girl had some beauty, as well as sweetness of voice; but she was too much interested by another object to bestow much commendation on poor Julia.

Ubric's

Ubric's heart was immediately in a state of tumult; his eyes followed the flying Julia, and he scarcely attended to any of the remarks of his companion. Jaqueline prolonged her walk as much as possible, and when she reached the castle it was nine o'clock. She thought Ubric's spirits had decreased, and in order to raise them again she ordered an elegant supper, and summoned the musicians to attend during the repast. Ubric, whose thoughts had been dwelling on Julia, was roused by the harmony, and he returned the smiles and assiduities of Jaqueline, whose pleasure increased with his animation. She presided at the table with grace; sometimes she sat with dignity in her chair, and at other times leaned upon it with bewitching elegance. She had put aside her hat; her dark glossy hair hung carelessly, and some of the locks had crept into her swelling bosom, which was but slightly covered. The roses of love bloomed upon her cheeks; pleasure

pleasure cunningly peeped between her long eye-lashes, and the honey dew seemed to hang upon her red lips.

Ubric looked at her earnestly, and secretly confessed that she was very lovely; but he thought that the colour of her robe and the smiles of her face did not well accord. He likewise thought that there was in her a deficiency of respect, and that her remembrance of the good deceased baron was too slight. These, however, were only the reflections of a moment; for if he felt himself inclined to censure, he was immediately after almost captivated by her smiles of ineffable sweetness. But what displeased him most was her impetuosity to the servants, and the haughtiness with which she addressed them. Her father had never treated them in that manner; he had been ever generous and kind to them, and gained their duty and respect by the mildness of his

his disposition. Jaqueline disregarded the example; she always addressed them indiscriminately as menials, as creatures of her will; to the old she was distant and forbidding, and little notice was bestowed upon the ancient favorites of her father.

Supper being ended she waved her hand for the musicians and attendants to withdraw; they retired, in a moment with servility, and Jaqueline drew her chair somewhat closer to Ubric. Her insinuations were almost irresistible. "You have not yet, my good friend," she said "made any enquiry respecting the will of the baron."

Ubric sighed at the mention of the name, and Jaqueline continued, "Delicacy, I presume, has kept you silent; but it is proper that you should be acquainted with the baron's bequest; the legacy he

left

left you will place you above dependance ;  
yet I do not think it adequate——”

“ Oh ! do not mention the extent of it,” cried Ubric ; “ had he left me only his blessing I should ever have revered him.”

“ Hear me,” said Jaqueline ; “ some few days before his sudden dissolution he talked of making a new will ; and I then learned that it was his intention to leave you an estate in Westphalia. But his design was unhappily frustrated ; death deprived him of the power of carrying it into execution. I am the heiress of his fortune, and would have every thing performed according to his will, whether it be expressed, or unexpressed.—The estate that the Baron mentioned shall be yours.”

“ It must not be—I have no right to it—he has already sufficiently provided for me.”

“ How,

“ How, Ubric! am I to attribute the rejection to pride? You will owe *me* no obligation if you do accept the estate; your gratitude will be due to him, who, alas! can be no longer sensible of it. But if your spirit be wounded——”

“ O, madam! think not so meanly of me. I have, at this time, a thousand obligations to you, and to your dear father; but rather than you should think that my mind is inflated——”

“ You will accede to my proposal?” cried Jaqueline, with a wild smile of pleasure, “ You will accede to my proposal?”

“ I will, said Ubric; “ and yet I wish the gift was not so large.”

“ O! were it an hundred times as large,” cried Jaqueline, “ were mines of gold

gold to be found in every acre, and all the fruits of India hung upon the trees and decked the earth, I would, with pleasure, bestow it on one—” She caught his hand suddenly and carried it to her bosom. Remembrance followed the pause of rapture, and a ready finesse removed the impropriety—“ I would, with pleasure, bestow it on one, who was so dear to my lost parent!”

Ubric was completely deceived; he was struck with admiration by Jaqueline’s enthusiasm; her duplicity banished all those small unfavourable sentiments that he had harboured, and he looked on her as one of the best of daughters and of women. What had before appeared to him insensibility, was now deemed philosophic fortitude; and her finely concealed errors were by him accounted virtues.

Jaqueline,

Jaqueline, on retiring to her chamber, instantly dismissed her woman ; she threw herself on a sofa, and placed her hand upon her breast. Her heart throbbed with ecstacy. She had now bestowed an obligation on Ubric ; obligation had excited gratitude, and gratitude might excite love. She did not doubt but that she should make him her slave ; and she concluded that her present joys would soon ripen to luxury.

CHAP. IV.

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THE clouds were scarcely tinted by the beams of the rising sun, when Ubric again took his way to Julia's cottage. He met Katherina at the door, and after indulging herself with a little loquacity, she allowed him to go into the house. Julia was sitting by a clean white table, which was covered with flowers ; she had been gathering them from the woods, and from her little garden, and was forming them into bouquets. She had placed a few valley lilies in her breast, and fastened them with a knot of ribband, which Ubric had formerly given her.

“ Has Julia been pillaging the groves already ? ” said Ubric, taking her hand.

“ Yes,

“ Yes, Ubric; but I have had no one to assist me. See, how I have wounded my arm; I did it in gathering a violet that grew beneath a bramble.”

“ You should be careful of thorns, Julia.”

“ Yes,” said Katherina, “ she should, indeed; I once said so to Joseph; the poor man was a little deaf, and thought I said *horns*. The dear old fool grew frumpish, and every night, for the space of a month, dreamed of nothing but cuckoldom and antlers.”

“ The time has been,” said Julia, with enchanting softness, “ when Ubric has wandered with me, at evening, and gathered me flowers to lay upon my pillow. Sometimes he would sit on the hillock beneath the large oak, and play upon his flute, till the beams of the moon pierced through

through the branches ; and then we used to wander back to the cottage and converse upon pleasing topics. But *now*—”

“What now Julia ?”

“Now Ubric has forgotten all these pleasures ! Julia must gather her flowers without assistance ; and be wounded, without compassion. The flute of Ubric sounds no more ; his conversation in the evening is no longer heard ; and while Julia wanders alone, in solitude, Ubric roves with Jaqueline, and, perhaps, makes those vows to pride and wealth, which he has already made to the poor inhabitant of Katherina’s cottage.”

“Make love to Jaqueline ! exclaimed Katherina ; “Lord defend me ! I will not believe it. I should as soon suppose that he would make love to me. O, how I hate that proud Jaqueline !”

“Hush !”

"Hush!" said Ubric; "Jaqueline has many good qualities; and to hate a person is uncharitable. She has—"

"What has she, pray?" said Katharina, shrewdly.

"Be silent," said Julia; and listen to the animated panegyrist."

Ubric smiled, and placed his arm round Julia's waist. "She has," he continued, a noble and generous disposition. You know the nature of my obligations; the baron left me independent, and Jaqueline has made me still richer. Peace, therefore, and do not censure her." He then related the circumstance fully, and paused, at intervals, to hear the remarks of his auditors. Julia's sentiments were unstable: If the act was disinterested, it was certainly generous, noble, praise-worthy!

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"But

" But if," said Katherina, " the lady means it by way of *exchange*, what do you make of it then?"

Julia started, and Ubric laughed at the allusion.

" Aye, you may laugh if you please," said Katherina; " you shall not mortify me, for I will laugh in my turn. Though I am a woman, my opinion of your sex is somewhat superior to that of my own: Different principles influence men and women in actions of generosity; what the former bestows with friendship, the latter gives with love, particularly when the donation is directed towards a person whom nature has taken some care to polish. True friendship exists not in the breast of a woman; her disposition is uncongenial to it; when any one of the sex, therefore, tells you that she has a friendship for you,

you

you need not say that it is a lie, but you are a fool if you believe her. That which is called friendship in a man, must be called love in a woman. Disinterested men are very rare—disinterested women are still more so: Search the empire and you will not find one of that description. If she confers a favour on you, trust me, she will expect a counter-balance."

"Heavens!" cried Julia, "what a dissertation! I have not heard such an one from you since Christmas."

"By all that is wonderful," exclaimed Ubric, while he laughed immoderately, "Katherina is a philosopher!"

"Nay, do not jeer me," said Katherina, "I know I have got a foolish way of talking, but I learned it of an old uncle, who was formerly a schoolmaster at

Prague. Though my words may be a little coarse, my meaning may, I think, be understood."

"But your opinion of the sex," said Ubric, "is a very bad one."

"Still it is as good as they deserve," replied Katherina, drily.

"It depends upon my own will whether I assent to it or not; but I hope you will think more favourably of Jaqueline, and consider her as our general friend. In being the friend of me, she becomes Julia's; and no good shall devolve from either of us but what you shall partake of. My new estate will be highly beneficial to us all: I shall no more return to Italy."—

"O, rapturous!" cried Julia, clasping her hands.

"But

“ But I shall enter into the service of the emperor.”

Joy instantly fled from Julia's countenance.

“ What! and suffer yourself to be eaten up by the devillish black Turks?” said Katherina; “ What would you get by that, pray?”

“ Some heroes,” replied Ubric, “ would tell you honour.”

“ Poh! You shall hear what my old uncle of Prague used to say about honour. Honour, says he——”

“ O, we will hear your uncle's observations at some other time: Julia, the morning is sweet, and the air breathes mildness; let us walk awhile in the woods.”

Julia objected not, and taking the arm of her lover, they soon lost sight of the cottage.

“ Escaped from the unceasing loquacity of Katherina,” said Ubric, “ I can now speak as my heart prompts me to my dear Julia, without being interrupted by the well-meaning, but troublesome dame. Whatever opinions, and whatever objections you may have entertained, I trust the generosity of Jaqueline, which I believe flows from pure motives, has effectually removed.”

“ But the inference of Katherina——”

“ Is like all her other inferences, preposterous and absurd, and such as the good sense of Julia should not admit, I am now, or very soon shall be, independent. Your only scruples arose from the want

want of wealth, and from the probability of having children, who might excite regret and chagrin, rather than pleasing ideas of past raptures. But those scruples cannot be harboured now; for if the incidents should happen, they will be divested of the dreaded consequences. Poverty, and unsupported offspring, must no longer be thought of; for independence, love, and the affections of progeny now form a more pleasing prospect. Julia, my heart warms at the idea!

“ I confess, Ubric, appearances are more favourable than they were some few days ago, and, admitting me to be a rational being, my happiness must be increased. But plan not felicity—think, ah, think of the dangers of your profession! Oh, Ubric! I have ever trembled for you; but now my heart is so oppressed with fear, that it shrinks within my

bosom. If you love me you will quit the army, and leave unfeeling princes to battle for themselves."

" Julia needs not, methink, doubt my love. But to quit the service would be to fly from glory."

" If glory, then, be your mistress, pursue her, serve her! She will charm your eyes with scenes of blood, and point out her beauties to you in the ensanguined fields of slaughter! God bless you, Ubric! may heaven's angels ever watch over you!"

" Whither are you going, Julia?"

" I care not whither; I shall always be miserable; but from this hour we part. I never will marry the man who would quit

quit a wife for war, and social happiness for fame."

"Are you resolved? Are you serious, Julia?"

"I am indeed, Ubric; love and discretion have had a severe contest, but the latter has conquered. I repeat I never will be yours while you continue in the army."

"Then, Julia, the triumph shall be yours. I will neither return to Italy, nor serve the emperor."

Julia rushed into his arms, and expressed her rapture with smiles and tears. It was afterwards agreed that their nuptials should be celebrated as soon as Jacqueline had presented him with the writings which would put him into the possession of the

Westphalian estate, and that they should then retire to it, and seek for domestic tranquillity and enjoyment.

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## CHAP. V.

SOME few days after this conversation, Jaqueline delivered to Ubric the deeds of the estate, which was secured to him according to law. This action she performed with grace and sweetness ; and, delightful as the words of Ubric were to her ear, she would not now listen to the effusions of his gratitude, but retired as soon as she had signed the writings. Such delicacy

cacy and liberality Ubric had never before witnessed ; his eyes made acknowledgments which his tongue was forbidden to do, and following her to the door he pressed her hand ardently to his lips.

To the gratitude of Ubric words cannot do justice ; and the delicacy and disinterestedness of Jaqueline excited his admiration. Julia was, on the same day, made acquainted with this circumstance ; she exulted in the prospect of their marriage and felicity, while Katherina put her old limbs into motion, and danced for joy.

Ubric pressed for immediate marriage, and Katherina seconded him ; but Julia insisted on passing a fortnight in her present state, before she altered it. The meetings between them were now sweeter than ever ; their words were more ardent ; their kisses more rapturous ; the felicity

that awaited them was the general theme, and they saw happiness hastily approaching towards them. Every morning Ubric passed with Julia ; every evening he spent with Jaqueline ; love endeared him to the one, and gratitude attached him to the other. The former, however, being the stronger passion, Jaqueline's claim was inferior to that of her rival. But Jaqueline thought of no rival ; she did not think it possible that any other woman should aspire to Ubric, nor did she think it possible but that he should love her ; or why did he so much endeavour to gain her notice ? Or why did he so often press her hand to his lips ? Or why did he so often raise his brilliant eyes upon her face, and smile with sweetness on her ? Because he loved her. Then why did he not declare his passion ? " Because," said Jaqueline, answering these self-proposed questions, " he is yet too diffident

to

to explain his sentiments to the heiress of the Baron of Olzeburg. I will gratify myself some short time longer, by observing the progress of his passion, and the effect of my own charms ; and if modesty still keeps him silent, I will myself remove the veil that is between us, resign all my wealth and power to him, and willingly yield myself to the wishes of his soul."

These were the daily, the hourly thoughts of Jaqueline: The castle now displayed a new scene ; mirth and revelry enlivened it ; music was frequently causing its walls to resound ; and every delicacy and luxury that could please and pall the appetite, was spread upon the sumptuous board. The neighbouring nobility were invited, and though Jaqueline had hitherto beheld them with indifference and pride, yet she was now anxious

to

to cultivate their acquaintance, and to contribute to their amusement. Ubric shared her particular notice in public; she danced with him; she played with him; she received his attentions with peculiar pleasure. These parties of festivity were seldom broken till after midnight, and when they retired Jaqueline would invite Ubric to a private room, where she conversed on the entertainments of the evening, sang to him expressive songs and charming madrigals, and amused him with the sweet tones of the lute, the strings of which instrument she touched with inimitable skill.

In these moments Ubric almost forgot Julia, and the rapture that he expressed caused Jaqueline to double her exertions, and to conclude that the conquest would soon be her own. That reflection was always followed by an extatic sensation.

She

She would already consider herself as his wife ; she would think of the envy of the women, and the disappointment of the men ; and her mind would dwell on the charms of his person till her eyes sparkled with delight. She who had been so capricious, was now determined on an unequal alliance ; and she who had treated the noblest men in the empire with indifference, now panted to become the wife of the son of an old Austrian officer, who had no recommendations but those which nature had been pleased to give him. But he was the lord of her soul, and should be the master of her fortune. She would place him in the most elevated situation, and her wealth should purchase him honour and distinction.

Such were the chimeras that were ever hovering round her brain ; and sometimes they conjured up the most impetuous passions

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sions within her breast. It was with some difficulty that she restrained herself from making advances which would draw forth a confession of Ubric's sentiments; but she thought it would be more noble that the declaration should come from him. She, therefore, strove to increase her influence, and waited, with an impatient joy, for the moment when he should avow himself her admirer: But she was still determined to adhere to her original plan. If modesty continued to keep him silent, love should make her ingenuous.

While Jacqueline was making these mental arrangements, Ubric was sharing the smiles and virtuous endearments of his Julia.

Jacqueline received a summons to attend an old rich female relation at Vienna, who being dangerously ill, had expressed a desire

sire to see Jaqueline, to whom she intended to leave the bulk of a very considerable fortune. This intelligence was displeasing to Jaqueline ; she wanted not wealth ; she had only common compassion to bestow upon the afflicted, and she wished not to leave her retirement and Ubric for a moment. She must necessarily be absent for a month, for the distance to Vienna was considerable ; and in that month what could possibly compensate the loss of his society ? She wished him to accompany her to Vienna, and, on that same day she requested him to escort her on her journey.

Nothing ever sounded more unpleasant, or came more untimely ; the day appointed for his nuptials was almost arrived, and Julia and Katherina were busy in making the little preparations that were necessary. Disappointment and chagrin imme-

immediately possessed him ; but, not having a reasonable excuse to offer, he assumed an air of gaiety, and promised to attend her. For many reasons he kept his premeditated marriage a secret from her ; he knew that she would censure him for taking a destitute woman, however amiable and lovely she might be, for his wife ; and he wished her not to be acquainted with the connection between himself and Julia, until they were comfortably settled on their little estate. Provoked, almost beyond endurance, yet striving to conceal his disappointment, he left the gratified Jaqueline, and withdrew from the castle. He soon resolved to break the engagement he had formed, and not to quit, at so happy a period, his beloved Julia. Indisposition he intended to make his plea, and having called at Katherina's cottage, and communicated his project to Julia,

he

he returned to the castle, and, complaining of sickness, retired to his bed.

He knew that if he were to bid the servants to keep it a secret from their lady it would the sooner reach her ears ; he, therefore, gave them an injunction to that effect ; the consequence of which was, in less than half an hour his pretended indisposition was magnified to Jacqueline, who, with a terrified aspect, hastened to his chamber. She undrew the curtain, and caught his hand. “ My friend, my Ubric ! heavens, what ails you ? Send, send this moment for medical advice. Your sudden illness has almost overpowered me—Delay not a moment—Let me dispatch a servant for a physician.”

“ I do not need one,” said Ubric, faintly ; “ my indisposition is trivial ; it will

will soon be over, and all will be well again."

" It will not be well ; your hand is feverish ; your eyes betray your illness, and your cheeks are of a death-like palleness. I see, I see your danger ! "

Thus did Jacqueline ingeniously torment herself, and, contrary to all that Ubric could advance, she sent for her physician. Ubric now began to fear the consequences of this farce, and to assure Jacqueline that her apprehensions were groundless ; but he could not persuade her to believe him ; her fears were very active ; her actions hurried, and once she had nearly carried his hand into her bosom. This made him start ; but he soon considered it as a kind, involuntary action of friendship. The physician soon arrived ; Ubric complained to him of a slight pain in

in the side, and it was declared necessary that he should lose some blood. Averse to the operation, he began to oppose the doctor; but the experiment was strenuously insisted on, and accordingly carried into force. It was with great pleasure that Ubric saw the doctor withdraw; but Jaqueline continued at his bed-side, and was incessantly enquiring whether the pain was alleviated.

In the evening he declared himself much better, and said that, if the pain did not return, he would accompany her in the morning: But to this she would not listen; she even proposed to delay her journey for a few days, and certainly would have done it had not another express arrived to desire that the utmost expedition might be used. Jaqueline was provoked: How gladly would she have resigned all pretensions to the expected fortune,

fortune, to have been the nurse of Ubric, to have waited on him, and to have placed his head upon her bosom !

At midnight she went to his chamber, and found him, as she thought, asleep. Jaqueline brought the lamp nearer ; scarcely knowing what she did, she threw her arms around him, and pressed her warm lips on his cheek. She then hastily drew the curtain, and, murmuring some few words expressive of affection, left the chamber.

Ubric's sleep had been artificial : Astonishment almost deprived him of his senses, for never till now had he known the actual sentiments of Jaqueline ; sentiments so warm and fervid could not fail to excite his wonder. His cheek still seemed to bear the impression of the kiss, and her arms to encircle him. It was evident

Jaqueline

Jaqueline loved him, and he now remembered all those little circumstances which he had hitherto regarded as casualties. But he had no adequate affection to return, and the consequences which he apprehended were not of the most pleasant nature: He knew her to be warm and impetuous, unable to bear contradiction, and implacable when offended. He had seen violent proofs of her resentment, of which he was now not unfearful.

He slept no more; he watched for the coming of the morning with impatience; and soon after the break of day, Jaqueline, unattended and equipt for travelling, entered his room. Unconscious of his knowledge of her recent visit, she talked to him in her usual manner; but he was now sensible of her language, and while she expressed her hopes of his speedy recovery, and regretted the necessity of their

their short separation, he dared scarcely to look at her face. At parting she sunk down on the bed, and offered her glowing cheek to his lips. Ubric trembled as he kissed it.

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## CHAP. VI.

SINCE the return of Ubric to Germany, he had felt no pangs equal to the present ; even the effect of the good Baron's death had been considerably less. From the apparent state of Jaqueline's affections he thought it could not be long before an éclaircissement took place ; and, loving Julia as he did, and being her husband

ere

ere that time arrived, in what manner was he to reply to Jaqueline? The only alternative was to dress up a negative in terms of respect; but knowing her irritable disposition, he could not believe that that would appease her. The motive of her generosity, in bestowing the estate in Westphalia upon him, was become palpable, and he now entertained scruples concerning the retention of it. If he resigned it, and explained his reasons for doing so, might not Jaqueline loathe and execrate him for ever?

“ And if,” said Ubric, “ I retire to it with my Julia, Jaqueline will have her suspicions, and discover the imposition. But, let the consequences be what they will, the latter shall be my plan. I will hasten, with all possible speed, to my retirement, prepare Jaqueline gradually for the discovery, and endeavour to remain still in her favour.”

This arrangement did not wholly please him ; it was, in many points, exceptionable, and he was still apprehensive and unhappy. The doctor was most distressingly assiduous, and had, probably, received orders from Jaqueline to be so ; he wished to take a little more blood from the patient, and recommended a spare diet ; but Ubric positively resisted the former though he acceded to the latter. He would not allow any attendants to remain in his room after the hour of eight, previous to which the doctor had made his last visit, and received assurances of amendment. Jaqueline had taken a numerous retinue with her to Vienna, and few domestics remained in the castle ; fearless, therefore, of observation, Ubric, at the hour of ten left his chamber, and stole privately and unseen to the residence of his Julia.

He

He found her sitting on the hillock, beneath her favourite row of beech trees, on the nodding tops of which fell the yellow moon-beams. Ubric stept forward, and catching her in his arms, while she was singing the last stanza of a ballad, he silenced her with a kiss of rapture. In the present moments of bliss he almost forgot Jaqueline; and he did not acquaint Julia of his late discovery. One short day only had to pass before he should become her husband; he had privately engaged a priest to perform the ceremony, and old Katherina's preparations were all completed. It was agreed that they should not begin their journey to Westphalia till a month after Jaqueline's return, when Ubric, still concealing the love of Jaqueline, assured Julia that they might fly to peace, to love, and to felicity.

They met and parted in bliss; he led her to the door of the cottage, and plucking

ing some honey-suckles that grew over the porch, he placed them in her breast, and gave her his nightly blessing.

Ubric, without attracting any notice, returned to the castle, and the servants, in the morning, found him in his chamber. At the usual hour the doctor entered, but, wearied with hypocrisy, Ubric told him that he was perfectly recovered, and that his further attendance was unnecessary ; this, however, would not satisfy the man of physic, who was incessantly sending his nauseous potions, all of which Ubric privately threw out of the window.

The nuptial morning arrived ; the heart of Ubric beat violently, and the course of his warm blood was rapid. He found Julia adorned with the smiles of a bride ; mirth sat upon her brow ; pleasure sparkled in her eyes, and there was fascination in her looks. The priest had not long to wait

wait their coming ; the marriage contract was made and ratified on consecrated ground, and before the face of heaven. Love and holy enthusiasm inspired them both ; Julia trembled, yet knew not why, and was led by her enraptured husband, blushing and smiling, from the altar.

“ Dear treasure of my soul ! ” exclaimed Ubric, “ long has my heart panted for thee. Now begins my joy, and never, never may it know diminution. Smile, my Julia, and participate the bliss of your husband. Look with contempt on, and scorn the avarice of your proud relations, and never think of fortune while my arms can shelter, cherish, and protect you : Not one in the empire feels an happiness like mine. Were my father not in the grave —were the good baron not reposing with his ancestors, they would sanction my choice, and give us both their blessing.”

“ But Jaqueline! — ”

“ Jaqueline! ”—Ubric started—“ Jaqueline! Why name her, my love? Though she has revealed—Psha!—no more of this. She is my benefactress, but she has nothing to do with our union. I know she entertains many absurd prejudices, but they cannot affect us. What is Jaqueline compared to Julia?—nothing more than a dull star to the splendor of Hesper! ”

Julia regained her composure and cheerfulness, and the day was spent with social joy and gratulation; the bewitching bride shone with a natural grace, and old Kathrina was unusually whimsical; her songs of merriment were many; she did not once speak of the good qualities of Joseph, nor did she, during the day, mention her uncle of Prague. In the evening Ubric went back to the castle, in order to shew himself

himself to the servants, and to impose on them, as well as on the doctor; and this he did so completely that they supposed he had retired to his bed, even when he was flying to those joys for which his heart throbbed tumultuously. His charming bride again received him with smiles and blushes; the roses that peeped in at the window were less lovely.

With unfading love and undiminished bliss several other days went over; Ubric was seldom at the castle, although it was believed by the domestics that he slept there; and he was no longer subjected to the impertinence of the doctor, who had now discontinued his visits. His hours were spent with Julia; they roved through the coverts of the grove, and the flowery mazes of the forest, talking of their present bliss, and of happiness still to come. In the fullness of his joy Ubric had thought little of Jaqueline; but about a

fortnight after his marriage he received from her a letter, which was warm, tender, and ambiguous. She talked of nothing but friendship; still the style was too animated for that sentiment, her colouring too high, and her views and designs were palpable. Her aunt was still living, and Jaqueline expressed great impatience to return to her home. Her enquiries concerning his health were numberless; they bespoke anxiety, solicitude, and affection. The general style of her letter was glowing, and, by the frequent pauses, it was evident that she had checked her imagination.

Every thing was plain to Ubric; the letter awoke new ideas, and he could scarcely conceal his perturbation from Julia. His dread of Jaqueline's displeasure was unconquerable, and he again began to think of making an early avowal of his marriage, of resigning the estate which

which she had presented to him, and of flying from her for ever. But these were undetermined resolutions; he did not make Julia a confidant, and he concealed the letter of Jaqueline from her. He found it impossible to regain tranquility, and his deceptions had not the intended effect; Julia noticed the change, but he endeavoured to laugh away her suspicions, and to quiet her apprehensions with additional smiles and new endearments.

Another letter, and in a similar stile, now arrived from Jaqueline: The death of her relation, which she slightly mentioned, caused no *sombre* reflections, nor infused any languor in her writing: She expressed her determination of leaving Vienna very soon, and requested him to come to that city, in order to escort her back to B—. To this he could offer no objection; and he wrote to assure her of his readiness to offer his services.

The request of Jaqueline very much displeased Julia: she wished not to be separated from Ubric, and could not restrain her tears when he gave her a parting kiss. She went sobbing into the cottage, while Ubric took the path to the castle, where two servants were waiting to attend him on his journey.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VII.

UBRIC strove to drive away unpleasant reflections, but they were, sometimes, too obstinate to be routed. His ideas were extremely volatile ; they flew from his sweet Julia and her sequestered cottage, to Jaqueline and her resentment of declined love. It was night when he entered Vienna, and he immediately went to the house of the Baroness of Bentheim, the deceased relation of Jaqueline. When he approached to salute Jaqueline, the finest sensations which thrill the human frame were felt by her. She sprang forward to meet him ; and her heart seemed to be leaping from her bosom. She took his hand, and prest it ardently ; her voice was

tremulous, and she smiled with captivating sweetness, while she raised her fine eyes to his face, and congratulated him on his recovery. Ubric blushed at the mention of his feigned indisposition ; he perceived that Jaqueline's estimation had not declined ; he marked, with pain, the inconsistency of her actions ; the tremor of her voice, and the wild pleasure which, in spite of the restraints of reason, dawned through her eager and almost devouring eyes.

It was with equal concern that he beheld the progress of her passion ; because he was fearful of the consequences of it. In point of friendship and gratitude he had still much to bestow ; but Julia flashed upon his mind, and he had no love to return to Jaqueline. The result of their contrariety of sentiment was, therefore, to be determined ; and of the determination he was apprehensive. To blind Jaqueline

queline he was obliged to be hypocritical; she attributed his want of spirit to fatigue and relaxation, and endeavoured to raise him with her smiles. She threw her white arm carelessly over his shoulder; her conversation was not made gloomy by the recent dissolution of her relation; the name of the Baroness scarcely past her lips, and she only talked of the pleasure they should enjoy on their return to the rural shades and vallies of B—.

Ubric listened passively, and seemed to assent to all that she said or proposed; but the delusion of Jaqueline gave him pain, and he feared that her felicity was confined to theory. All the business that was necessary to be done by Jaqueline was accomplished in a few days, and as neither she, nor Ubric, had any desire to remain longer in Vienna, they left that city immediately, and began their journey into the country. Ubric, to amuse himself,

self, as well as Jaqueline, descended upon the luxuriant beauties of the season, and the lovely scenes that appeared before their eyes. But these things did not particularly strike the person to whom they were addrest; summer possessed no beauties like the roses on his cheeks, and nature could not furnish an object so charming as himself.

They arrived at the place of their destination in safety; Ubric's heart bounded with joy when he found himself so near to his Julia; and Jaqueline felt a superlative pleasure when she saw the proud turrets of her castle, and thought of the man who was, as she conjectured, soon to be the lord of them.

It was the first hour of morning before Ubric could privately leave his chamber, when, by the light of the moon, he walked through the meadows to the sequestered cottage

cottage of his love. The inhabitants were taking their repose ; he knocked gently at the door, and threw some pebbles at the window, from which Katherina put forth her head ; and the old lady hearing a voice so well-known to her, soon introduced him to his lovely wife. Julia awoke with rapture from her slumbers, and folded Ubric in her white and uncovered arms ; her joy at his return was unbounded, and he could feel her heart beat with ecstacy against his breast.

When day broke in upon them, and the ballad of Katherina came upon their ears, they arose, and afterwards wandered thro' the green lanes and copses, where the wild suckle and hedge-rose were blended, and where the thrush was pouring forth its clear notes. Julia suddenly became thoughtful ; she threw some flowers on the ground ; and cast on Ubric her eyes, into which some tears had intruded. She  
expressed

expressed her fears, on being questioned, that their bliss would be of short duration, and that, in a little time, happiness would be unknown to them. Ubric started and reflected ; but he afterwards treated her suggestions as chimeras, and told her that he would in the course of a few days, intimate to Jaqueline that he should retire, with all possible speed, to the estate which she had presented to him. But these assurances did not wholly quiet the fears of the timid Julia ; her bosom was still troubled with apprehensions, and she looked forward with more dread than hope.

Several days went over, and the discovery was still not made. Ubric pretended to be very fond of field sports, by which means he passed a considerable part of his time with Julia ; but his evenings were entirely spent at the castle, and he seldom went to his wife 'till the mignight hour.

The

The passion of Jaqueline had been progressive, and it was now almost arrived at its zenith ; it could not possibly be much longer concealed, for it had already acquired an ascendancy over philosophy, and almost spurned morality. Her education had been erroneous ; her ideas were fluctuating, and not governed by strict principle ; she yielded voluntarily to impulse, and thought that the will was deserving of gratification. She was chagrined at the coldness of Ubric ; but she partly attributed it to diffidence and respect.

But when she offered to him her wealth, her honors, and her person, (for she had now finally resolved on a first advance), what would be the change of his manners and disposition ? The experiment would discover it, and the experiment she would try. But Ubric prevented her making these overtures, by speaking, shortly after, of his intention to reside on his new  
estate.

estate. Jaqueline heard him with astonishment; and with many expressions of wonder, enquired the cause of his determination, and why he forsook glory and military fame, and turned from the paths of promotion, to tread in those of humble and rusticated life. In answer to the first point, he urged political disgust, as well as the then quiet and peaceable state of Europe: and to the second, the love of retirement and philosophical application.

Jaqueline listened to him tremblingly; but there was ecstacy in her agitation, and an impassioned glow was spread on her cheek. Now was the ripe moment for the disclosure of her sentiments; one so favourable had never before appeared to her, and love urged her not to let it pass by unbefited. She gradually drew near to him, and then caught hold of him with unconscious eagerness. Her lips were in motion

motion some time before she could articulate. “ Ubric!—My friend!—”

“ Madam !” said Ubric, while a presentiment of what was coming made his heart fail.

“ Is there not any thing that can make you abandon your romantic scheme ?”

“ My plan is fixed ; and I know not any thing that can make me alter it.”

“ But consider,” said Jacqueline tenderly, “ the many objects that there are in the world, and the innumerable circumstances depending on them. If you are weary of serving ambitious monarchs, it is no reason that you should forsake the world ; if you are tired in the paths of fame, it is no reason that you should hide yourself in obscurity. You are, at present, charmed with the novelty of the scheme ;

scheme ; but, ere long, it will disgust you with its sameness and insipidity. You are yet too young for a philosopher, and a sedentary life would make you a cynic. The brilliant sparks of imagination would probably soon disappear ; your passion for expounding of mysteries would gradually die away ; and the theories of morality would lose half of their charms, when you found how little they are regarded by the mass. Philosophers are not always happy ; they have their vapid, as well as enlightened moments ; the vigour of their intellects sometimes yields to inanity, and the splendid idea is often suddenly lost among the most common of thoughts. Stay till you are a grey-beard, Ubric, before you view nature and things with a microscopic eye ; and then I will retire to a cell with you, and enter into profound speculation, for the

the advancement of knowledge and morality."

" You have mistaken my meaning, madam ; I only mean to skim upon the surface, which I shall be enabled to do in retirement. If I find myself troubled with lassitude, I will again enter into the world, and endeavour to invigorate the failing energies of the mind."

" But this must not be," said Jacqueline, growing more warm and importunate : " You must not retire for a month, for a week, for a day. We must not be — What is man without society ? The beast that grazes in the field is his equal. Can nothing attach you to the world ? Can so young a man turn with indifference from the pleasures of life ? Can he renounce fame ? Can he disregard beauty, and look coldly upon love ; and all for a hastily imbibed passion, which will begin to fade almost

almost upon the commencement of its gratification ? Ah, Ubric ! Indeed you must not leave me.—Is mine an ordinary solicitude ? See you nothing superior in my friendship ? Cannot you interpret my words, my looks, my actions ?”

Ubric's valour fled from him ; he could not recollect his ideas ; and the effort to speak was ineffectual.

“ Am I to attribute your silence to your ignorance of my meaning,” enquired Jacqueline. “ You know the nature of my fortune, the extent of my possessions, and what my expectations are. I am anxious to resign them all to you ; to yield all my claims to a man, whose love would be more valuable to me than the wealth of every monarch of the earth.—Nay, start not at this confession : I am not influenced by the puerilities of affection, and blush not to declare those sentiments

ments for which I am not accountable.—Ubric ! I confess I love you ; and it has often pained me, that you have not made a similar declaration to me. Is my language too plain ? Truth wants not to be dressed with flowery words : those which are simple are best to clothe sincerity in.—Will you now fly to solitude ? Will you now seclude yourself from the world ? Jacqueline offers you herself ; her fortune, her power : She longs to see her vassals treat you as their lord : She is ready to enter into any solemn contract with you. After this confession, which your diffidence has drawn from me, I know not in what light you will regard me. I, and my fortunes, remain to be claimed by you : decide, therefore, and let me hear your determination.”

Jacqueline’s heart beat high ; and with inward rapture she waited for the terms of fond acquiescence, of which she had previously

previously assured herself. But no pains could be fiercer than those which were felt by Ubric : the blood rushed into his cheek, and then forsook them : it flowed rapidly thro' his veins, and then seemed to stagnate. He saw the extent of Jaqueline's love, her ardour in the cause, and her firm reliance on the success of her project. Many times he endeavoured to speak, but as often the power of speech failed him : He could find no appropriate words for the subject ; and his confusion increased every moment : though his tongue was still, his looks were eloquent.

“ Oh, Jaqueline !” he, at length, exclaimed, with agony, “ my present agitation will not allow me to reply : In the evening you shall see me again, and hear from me — Oh, torture !” He struck his head with his hand, and ran out of the room.

Strength

Strength, dignity, and almost reason, fled from Jaqueline : she felt an instantaneous pain across her temples, and sunk upon a sofa. Her eyes followed him to the door, and remained fixed upon it after his departure : For some minutes she was in a torpid state ; but at length the energies of her mind returned with ten-fold strength and rapidity, and she traversed the room with wildness and fury in her eye. Though she was alone, she vented a thousand exclamations, and shewed a thousand extravagancies ; and it was long before her hurried ideas would associate. But when they were in a state of connexion, and the contention between pride and passion was over, she again sat down to reflect on this mysterious circumstance. Had she not humbled herself beneath the dignity of her sex ? And had not her affections met with scorn, and her rash proposals been rejected ?

“ O, heavens !” cried Jaqueline, with bursting agony, “ was there ever a more insulted or degraded wretch than I am ! Cowards tell us of the pangs of death, and churchmen of those of purgatory ; but neither death nor hell, can inflict such pains as I now experience. Warm in my wishes ; fixed in my hopes ; confident of success, and not credulous enough even to think of rejection, the affections of my heart enlarged every day, and I thought the consummation of my bliss at hand. Shall I endure this scorn—this accursed insolence ? Philosophic hypocrite ! I could have yielded my life for you ! I could have renounced wealth, honour, and society, and found happiness in a cell, and bliss in a dungeon, if cheered by your love, and sheltered nightly in your arms. — But beware, rash Sir, that you do not excite my fury ; for I could rather kill than lose you.”

## CHAP. VIII.

CONTEMPT and love, rage and tenderness, alternately swelled the bosom of Jaqueline: She secluded herself in her apartment all the day, and desired that she might not be interrupted or disturbed by any person. She formed many resolutions, and broke them as soon as they were formed. In some moments she thought she could willingly, and with a revengeful pleasure, plant a weapon in the heart of Ubric; and at other times she imagined that she could take him in her arms, and gaze on him 'till she herself expired with rapture. But at night he had promised to enter into an explanation of his conduct, and to inform her, as she conjectured, of the cause of his disaffection.

It was long before she could firmly resolve whether she should admit him or not. All the stronger passions urged her to spurn him as a reptile, while love whispered that he was still too precious to be contemned. At length she resolved to see him, and, if possible, to listen to him with seeming patience and composure : She thought of his manly loveliness, and her rage was disarmed, and she still wished to flatter herself that she might, in some degree, have misconstrued his words. This hope was not powerful ; yet, after the wild tumult of her soul, it was soothing, and she would not reject it. Her agitation returned, when she saw evening gradually approaching ; disdain and contempt were not wholly eradicated from her breast ; and she was frequently induced to give Ubric up for ever. Varying in her mind ; roused by anger, and melted by love ; fearing the confirmation of her first suspicions, and still yielding to the impulse of

of hope, passed the time, 'till a servant appeared and announced Ubric. Jaqueline started; the blood came hot into her cheeks, and several large tears arose in her eyes; but she brushed them off disdainfully, and rising, with her accustomed dignity from her seat, she desired that Ubric might be admitted.

He soon after entered the room: His anxiety and distress were evident; and he slowly advanced towards Jaqueline, who did not rise from her seat, and only noticed him by slightly moving her head.

“ When last I parted with you, madam,” said Ubric, “ I fear I carried your displeasure with me: We have ever lived as friends, as the children of one parent; and how to lose your esteem is indeed afflicting. Oh, Jaqueline! let our terms of amity still be unbroken——”

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“ It

“ It is in your power,” said Jaqueline, interrupting him, and gazing rapturously upon him,—“ It is in your power still to cement them ; to cement them so durably that death alone shall be able to break them. Meet we now as friends ? As friends who know each others sentiments, and know them to be reciprocal ? If so, welcome again to me, welcome to these arms : And I fain would think that if you were not desirous to accede to my proposals, you would not appear before me to insult me. Perhaps I was too impetuous when last we parted ! but if it is not too late to effect a reconciliation, it is not too late to remove small prejudices, and to root up half-formed suspicions ; and in the soil in which they grew to plant friendship and love.”

“ Alas ! Jaqueline——”

“ How,

“ How, Sir ? What mean those sighs, and those looks of despondency ? ”

“ That I can bestow on you friendship as pure as ever resided in the breast of man ; but that I am restrained, by a prior and unfading attachment, as well as by a sense of honour, from professing a passion which I certainly do not feel.”

“ Murderous fiend ! ” exclaimed Jaqueline ; but it was articulated with pain and difficulty, and did not come distinctly to Ubric’s ear.

“ Would you have me play the part of an hypocrite,” said Ubric, “ and profess what I do not feel ? Surely your mind is superior to such sentiments. Unhappy was the day that I returned to the mansion of my benefactor, since I have given pain and anxiety to his daughter.”

“ Fly from me this instant ! Begone, that my eyes may never be fixed on you again.”

“ Yet, ere I go,” said Ubric, “ allow me to resign, with many acknowledgments of gratitude, the writings which entitle me to the estate in Westphalia. I wish them to be cancelled ; I have now no claim whatever to the property : But I do not regret the loss ; I have only to lament, that the friendship of the donor is gone from me, and that I have, unhappily, caused her displeasure.”

“ Her madness ; her shame ; her misery !” cried Jaqueline, wildly : “ Suppose not that you have been parleying with a girl of affected sentiment. View me as a woman, accustomed to look with derision on the trifling finesse of her sex ; as one who deems sincerity a virtue, and

scorns

scorns hypocrisy. Have I not been abject in confessing my sentiments to you? Has not your pride humbled me as much as you could wish? Why did you not act ingenuously, and tell me, long ago, that you contemned the passion I had formed for you? It must have been known to you; love like mine could not be concealed: But, perhaps, Sir, it raised your vanity to know that you were beloved by the heiress of the Baron of Olzeburg, and that you could give the fool only indifference."

"Greatly, greatly do you wrong me, Jacqueline. In my younger days I accustomed myself to look on you with more respect than affection. I saw that rank and fortune were highly valued by you, and did not presume to think that the orphan of the poor old veteran, Altorf, could ever gain the love of the daughter of the

Baroness of Olzeburg, who, I remember, regarded me as an adventitious object of charity. It chanced that, in those days when impressions are more easily made on the human heart, I saw another woman——”

“ Another woman!” cried Jacqueline, shivering.

“ Yes; one, like myself, young, poor, and unfortunate; and, I may say, lovely and good as God ever made woman. I adored her as soon as I discovered her beauty, and found her virtue equal to it. With her I still hope to find happiness in humble life, and with her to share many a felicity. Farewell, madam; gratitude will ever bind me to you, however distant I may be.”

He

He retired, without waiting for any other answer, and left the frantic Jacqueline to heap her execrations on him. Her rage redoubled: It was worse to know that she was out-rivalled, than to be merely an object of indifference. Her mind ulcerated with imaginary wrongs, grew big with horrid thoughts, and she retired to her chamber to curse mankind.

Ubrie now left the castle with the determination of never more entering it.— As he was passing through the hall he stopt a minute to gaze on the baron's portrait; his heart sunk within him; many a fond recollection arose, and to conceal his tears from the old porter he was compelled to pull his hat over his eyes. He prolonged his walk to Katherina's cottage, in order that he might destroy the traces of concern and vexation before he met Julia: But reflection only increased his

uneasiness, and made his pain more poignant ; the violence of Jaqueline's rage rather afflicted than surprised him, and he could not but lament that they had ever met. Julia discovered his agitation as soon as he entered the cottage ; she enquired, with concern, the cause of it, and he ingenuously told it to her.

“ Heavens, my Ubric !” she exclaimed, “ what will be the result of this ? I have ever feared that Jaqueline beheld you with no common partiality, and all my suspicions are now fully verified. I know her haughty and vindictive spirit. Tell me, tell me, Ubric, what is to be done ?”

“ I will, my sweet Julia ; but quiet your apprehensions. I have resigned to her the gift which late she made ; honour prompted me to do this, after an avowal of the donor's sentiments. I am now,  
my

my Julia, only possessed of the yearly income left me by the will of the good baron : the pittance allowed to you by the proud and avaricious Reizenhains I will not speak of ; because it is probable that, if they should hear of our marriage, they will order the payment of it to be suspended. Now, my beloved girl, you shall be my directress ; you shall either lead me to some other retirement, where Jaqueline may not interrupt us, or point out to me the path to military fame."

" Ah, heaven ! do not think of it, Ubric. Remember your former promise ; you vowed to me that you would never more be the supporter of war, or the minion of kings. It shall be my study to make retirement sweet to you ; morning, noon, and evening will I strive to please you ; ours shall be the delights of sum-

mer,

mer, and ours the social comforts of winter. Say, shall it be so?"

" Assuredly it shall," said Ubric, catching her in his arms ; " happiness with you I shall ever find ; misery without you must ever be my portion. I have nothing to apprehend from Jaqueline ; but I shall never hereafter see her with pleasure ; we will, therefore, retire from the village, and fix our residence in some other retired place, at the distance of a few leagues.—Katherina has been kind and tender to you ; and, if she pleases, she shall accompany us. Courage, my lovely Julia !—Neither Jaqueline, nor fame, shall seduce the adoring Ubric from your arms."

This arrangement being made, an early execution of their plan was agreed on ; Katherina resolved to accompany them, and Ubric had purchased a little house

house in a pleasant and romantic village, about three leagues distant. [He was now a stranger to the castle ; he never approached its walls ; he sometimes met the servants of Jaqueline ; but he passed them as hastily as possible, in order to avoid entering into conversation with them.

## CHAP. IX.

“HAPPINESS has fled from me for ever! Never, from this hour, will its influence reach my heart, in which eternal misery is rooted. Go back, memory, to my early days—honor attended my birth; distinction ever waited on me; joy never forsook me, and pleasure came unsought upon me. But does remembrance turn with fondness to this picture? Assuredly not. The sense of what I *was* is not less disgusting than that of what I *am*. Ubric, you will be my murderer! My mind has already been depressed, tortured, nay al-

most

most annihilated ; and my body cannot long resist the spreading malady. But while I am sinking under these calamities, what may be the joys of my unknown rival ? — Rival ! Oh, heaven ! She receives his endearments, his smiles and protestations, and in the blissful moments of impassioned affection, yields — Devilish thoughts ! You conjure up all the past ecstacies that have agitated, and enraptured me. You place a broken mirror before me, which now reflects nothing but deformity.”

Such was the soliloquy of the wretched Jacqueline, spoken about a fortnight after her separation from Ubric. Her spirit failed with her tongue ; her weakness was unconquerable, and she shed more tears for the loss of Ubric, than for that of her Father, or of the Baroness of Bentheim. But there was no monotony in her distress ;  
she

she bewailed and execrated, loved and abhorred, alternately. She threw herself on the bed for a few minutes ; but it was as easy to find repose on the mountains of Silesia in a December night ; she therefore arose, and distractedly traversed the room till morning.

The roses fled from her cheek ; she admitted no visitors ; partook of no pleasures ; she was indifferent as to the conduct of her servants, and it was her custom to brood over her mortifications in her own apartment, 'till languor crept over her frame, or disdain roused her almost to madness. For sometime she made no enquiry concerning Ubric ; but her suspense was distressing, and at length, prompted by curiosity, and a still remaining spark of love, she asked her attendant, with as much indifference as she could assume, whether he was still in the village.

The

The girl replied affirmatively, and added, that old Gustavus, the porter, had met him several times, and that it was believed he was going to marry a beautiful young woman, who lived at the cottage of Katherina Wolmur.

“ Infernal assertion ! ” cried Jaqueline, fixing her eyes on the woman’s face ; “ going to marry a cottager ! It is a lie —a most notorious lie ! Think you that for so low a wretch he would have dared —leave the room—begone—”

The trembling girl was obeying the command of her imperious mistress.

“ Yet stay,” continued Jaqueline, “ have you ever seen this girl ? ”

“ Yes, my lady, I saw her about a month ago ; I was walking in the evening with  
Frederica,

Frederica, when we heard a woman singing, most charmingly. We stopt and listened; Frederica said it was an Italian canzonette, and after the voice had ceased we were desirous of seeing who the person was; soon after the stranger came forward, and when she saw us she blushed uncommonly."

"But how do you know that this is the person of whom you just now spoke?" said Jacqueline, faintly.

"Because we watched her to the cottage."

"Is she handsome," said Jacqueline, still more faintly.

Uncommonly handsome! Beautiful!"

The lips of Jacqueline were sealed; she waved her hand, and the girl withdrew.

A

A dreadful storm was collecting in her mind, and it was not long before her countenance visibly denoted the effects of it. Many a groan burst from her convulsed bosom, and many an imprecation fell from her tongue. She remembered the girl that she had seen in the evening she was walking with Ubric, and did not doubt but that it was the same person of whom her woman had spoken. All was dark and mysterious to her ; she had not suspected that the object of Ubric's love —the object for whom *her* love had been rejected—was so near to her. She paused —she had loved and been contemned ; she had been insulted, and she would be revenged.

She deliberated on the means ; she cast all little weaknesses from her heart, and wished to undertake some enterprise. What if she could step between Ubric and his

his love, and tear her from him for ever. The idea revived her, and she would endeavour to make her scheme practicable.

From that hour the minister of hell gains a complete ascendency over Jaqueline, who yielded to the thoughts of unnatural revenge, and scoffed at the words of Omnipresence—*Thou shalt not murder!* There were no slow progressions in her vice; it was rapid and terrific; and there were moments in which it even startled herself. Conscience, however, only probed her for the moment, and she resolved to act as the passion of unrestrained revenge might direct her.

She now altered her conduct; she appeared again before her domestics; she occasionally admitted visitors, and even affected an air of gaiety. She heeded not the path in which she went; there was only

only one great deed to be accomplished, and she cared not if that effected her damnation. She yielded herself to the excesses of a perturbed imagination, and entered the paths of wickedness without remorse. It was her intention to remove Julia from Ubric, and never to permit her to return to him again. But in this project agents were indispensably necessary ; for what could she singly accomplish ? She looked cautiously around her servants ; she had ever esteemed herself a physiognomist, and she now thought that she had discovered two villains, who, if properly bribed, were to be made the instruments of any bad purpose. Her conjecture was right ; unobserved by their fellows she took them apart, and, with an infernal skill, gradually unfolded her project to them, and stipulated their reward. The avaricious monsters entered into her plan with readiness, and swore eternal secrecy.

At

At the cottage of Katherina all was peace, comfort, and happiness ; and many days went pleasantly over their heads. Ubric and Julia had now been married nearly three months ; but time could not diminish their bliss, or make it less exquisite. Their cottage stood at a considerable distance from the castle, and in a woodland country ; in their rambles they always directed their steps wide of Jaqueline's habitation, and carefully avoided meeting of any of their domestics. Their first alarm had gradually worn away ; still they were fixed on quitting the village, and Ubric had contracted for a charming little house at the distance of several miles. He had frequently been to see it, and to order some small improvements to be made for the convenience and pleasure of Julia.

Three days only had now to elapse before their final departure ; Ubric again went

went to see whether every thing had been done agreeably to his order, having first assured Julia that he should return ere the evening was much advanced. During his absence Julia busied herself in making some small preparations for her journey, and in packing up some little valuables, among which were the portraits of her father, of her mother, and Ubric. The beauty of the summer day faded ; the zephyrs kissed the roses in the little garden, and bent the heads of the young poplars, which had been lately planted before the door of the cottage. The peasant children, who had been in the woods to gather wild strawberries, went whooping home ; and as Julia sat by the window she saw the evening star peeping above the hills over which Ubric had to pass. A melancholy, not unpleasing, came upon her mind ; she thought of the pride and neglect of the proud Reizenhains, but not with pain ;

her imagination then wandered to her beloved Ubric, and fixed for some time on his beauty and virtues. She sighed, yet knew not that she did so. Katherina, who was trimming her lamp, asked her the cause of the sigh, to which she simply replied that she wished Ubric would return.

“ And so he will by and bye,” said Katherina; “ so pray let me have no moping. Come hither; give me your hand, and I will tell your fortune.”

“ No, Katherina; I am not fond of prying into the mysteries of fate, and indeed have but little faith in your auguries.

“ Psha, child; I tell you I have skill; I foretold the death of my poor Joseph, and of Paul Cruzit’s blind mare, a long time before they really happened. Come, give me your hand. Well, here are some good

good lines. Here is a pathway to wealth, and a high road to happiness. Seven children will you have by one husband; if that husband dies when you are fifty and five years old, fifty and five chances there are against your ever getting another."

Katherina had scarcely finished these words when she received a violent push from some person behind her; a thick covering was immediately placed over her head, and she could neither see, nor speak, 'tho' she endeavoured to shriek loudly. She was then forcibly lifted from the floor, and put into a large sack, the opening of which was afterwards secured with a string, so as to prevent her getting out of it. This was done by two men, who preserved silence for some time, and only broke it to desire that she would make no noise, if she placed any value on her life. They

afterwards advanced towards Julia, who ran shrieking to the door, which the scoundrels had previously secured. To prevent her escape, one of the devilish villains caught her rudely by her long hair ; terrified still more by their violence, she cast her eyes upon their faces, and perceived that they were greatly disfigured. “Ubric! Ubric!” she exclaimed, “save, oh, save me from these ruffians ! My protector—my—”. Her breath failed her, and becoming insensible she fell on the floor, from which the villains of Jaqueline removed her, and carried her out of the cottage.

It was about an hour after their departure when the happy Ubric [strolled thro’ the little flower garden, and stepped lightly over the threshold. He was surprised on finding no person in the room ; he searched the chambers, but they were empty, and

on

on descending the stair-case his eye rested on the sack. Still more astonished he went towards it, and on applying his hand to it, he found it contained the body of a person. Racked with wild and dreadful apprehensions, he tremblingly unfastened the string, when he discovered the poor old woman, senseless, and apparently dead. The blood had blackened in her face ; her hands were clenched, and her tongue was nearly bitten asunder.

Ubric could scarcely breathe ; horror crept through his frame, and he carried Katherina into the air, thinking it might revive her. But she never raised her head, or opened her eyes again. The lamp of life was totally extinguished. The myrmidons of Jacqueline had not intended her death ; but immediately after they had confined her in the sack she began to feel the effects of suffocation, and died in lingering and struggling torture.

Ubric's brain was heated by horrid imaginations ; the pain in his head was intense, and he sunk down by the side of the corse of Katherina.

But he soon rose wildly from the floor, and ran out of the cottage. "Julia! Julia! Julia!" he cried, as often as his failing breath would permit him. The name was faintly sent back by the echoes ; but no human voice answered him. He flew thro' every copse and every covert ; his wild rapidity exhausted his strength, and he several times fell on the ground. He continued his search till midnight, and then, with distracted looks, returned to his cottage, having first roused the few villagers who lived near, and who, on his alarm, left their beds, and ran to the house of wretchedness, where they found him raving over the body of the murdered Katherina. The villagers were struck

with

with horror, and gazed, with petrified looks, on the fixed distortion of Katharina's face.

There was no clue to direct Ubric to his lost Julia ; it was not to be supposed that his cottage had been visited by robbers, as nothing had been disturbed or taken away. And yet could any body but sanguinary banditti deprive a poor old woman of life ? Gracious God ! Perhaps they had likewise murdered his wife, and only taken more precaution in respect to the concealment of the body. This idea was too horrid to be entertained, and he drove it away as soon as possible. It was not improbable, he thought, that the Reizenhain family had heard of her marriage, and that, resolving to punish her for it, they had sought an opportunity of dividing them for ever.

Or what if Jaqueline—the fierce, the untameable Jaqueline, were the engine of these mischiefs? It was likely to be so; he knew the fiery qualities of her mind; the wildness of her passions; her duplicity in concealing them, and the boundless extent of her revenge. The thought roused him; and to strengthen his last formed suspicions, he was informed, by one of the peasants, that two men had been many times seen lurking in the hamlet, and that it was conjectured they belonged to the castle. Ubric hurried to the supposed prison of Julia; no noise was there to be heard, nor any light to be seen; the turrets were dark, and the gates secured. It was a long time before he could rouse the warden, and when the man appeared at a window, Ubric, loudly and distractedly, demanded to be admitted into the castle.

The

The servant retired for a short time, and then returned, and said that his lady was astonished at the rudeness and insolence of Ubric, and would not, at that unseasonable hour, admit a madman within the walls. The warden withdrew, and the frantic Ubric vented a thousand curses against Jacqueline.

CHAP.

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## CHAP. X.

THE senses of Julia did not wholly return until she was placed in the castle of Jacqueline; when she looked around her she conjectured who her enemy was, and did not doubt but that she was in the power of the woman whom she had ever feared. She vainly called on Ubric for protection.

The hired barbarians having executed the order of Jacqueline, lost no time in telling her that the deed was accomplished. Pleasure swelled her heart; a flush of savage joy came over her face, and she laughed

laughed when she heard the intelligence. She was delighted to hear that Julia had been brought unobserved to the castle, and having dismissed the men, she went to the apartment in which Julia was confined. Jaqueline feared no woman; she feared no man;—she had ceased to fear even God. Entering the room abruptly, she saw the wife of Ubric. She instantly perceived the charms of Julia, and impiously wished some power would blast them. She remembered the countenance, and walked haughtily towards the prisoner, who, exerting herself, met her with a similar dignity, and placed the front of innocence to that of guilt. They silently surveyed each other for several minutes; and Jaqueline found that her rival, femininely lovely as she appeared, was not to be intimidated by a supercilious look, or haughty demeanour. But all the fortitude of Julia was affected; and she trembled

with fear, even when she looked with a disdainful confidence on her enemy.

“ Say,” she cried, “ do I not see before me the daughter of the Baron of Olzeburg?”

“ You do,” replied Jacqueline; “ and in her you see a woman on whom you have heaped injuries and dishonour.”

“ How? In what manner?”

“ By aspiring to the love of Ubric Altorf, and by artfully drawing his affections from me, while mine were immovably fixed on him. What does this insult, this indignity merit?”

“ That will I tell you bye and bye: But what if I used no arts.—I shall not descend to tell you that I actually did not.

—What

—What if his affections were unbiassed, and placed in preference on me?"

" In preference on *you*?" cried Jaqueline, with strong contempt; " presumptuous fool! on what are your pretensions grounded? Know you not the greatness of my birth, and the extent of my wealth? Do you attribute your conquest to the puny charms of your person? Yours, girl, must have been a flattering mirror. You should not suffer your passions to ripen before your years. Ubric was mine by contract, and had you not interposed, he would, ere now, have been actually mine. Think you that he intends honourably to you? Consider who you are: A low-born girl; the offspring of a cottager; who, bloated with the idea of her own charms, has presumptuously extended her views, aped the manners of her superiors, and in her idle moments ambitiously pondered

dered on honour and greatness which will never be realized."

"I want not to hear your dissertation," said Julia; "release me, and let me return to —"

"Ubric?—Do not assure yourself of that," said Jacqueline, with a look that struck secret terror in Julia's heart. "Infatuated girl! whatever Ubric may have said to you, his tongue was directed by falsehood, and if he has not already accomplished his purpose, the nature of his designs is palpable. He would soon desert and abandon you, and leave you to shame, to remorse; and to contempt."

Julia was agitated, and almost breathless. Jacqueline thought her silence was occasioned by the picture she had drawn; and, elated by the idea, she altered her tone.

tone. "It depends upon your own will," she continued, "whether I shall be your friend or not. Reflect seriously on what I have said, and your danger will be evident. In separating you from Ubric I probably save you from ruin; both he and you may hereafter thank me for what I have done. But beware that you act with no duplicity towards me; for if you were to raise the whirlwind of my passions, you would never succeed in your attempt to still it. Ubric has insulted me; treated the most sincere affection with indifference, and left the castle with abruptness. You probably have been the cause of this, and must therefore see him no more."

"Ah, heaven!"—

"Nay, sigh not, girl; absence will remove your little partialities, and your sickly appetites will soon be lost. One proposal have

have I to make to you, and if you regard your security and happiness you will not reject it. It is my wish to regain the affections of Ubric: I have a friend who is abbess of a small nunnery in the village of Krantz; consent to reside but a twelve-month in her house, where you will be treated with tenderness, and swear that, during that time, you will not attempt to correspond with Ubric. You shall afterwards be restored to the world; I will heap wealth on you; I will yield half of my possessions to you; and oh! I will——”

“ Let me hear no more,” cried Julia; I will not, I cannot comply with your terms. Venality is not an ingredient of my affections, nor would I forsake Ubric for all your wealth, joined to that of the whole empire. You do not know me, or you would not use me thus. All I demand is to be set at liberty; the gross violation  
you.

you have done me must be repaired immediately. The declaration of your sentiments has not, I confess, raised you in my opinion. Let me pass, nor dare to detain me. Your strange and inhuman conduct is only known to ourselves; but if you persist in it——”

“ Restrain your insolent threats,” said Jacqueline; “ do you not know that I can shut you out from the world for ever? Once more I ask, Will you accede to my proposal?”

“ Never! never!”

“ Ruin and perdition wait on you, then!” exclaimed Jacqueline. Julia endeavoured to pass her, but she prevented her, and throwing out her hand with great force, she gave Julia a blow, and closed the door. The wife of Ubric was left to

pass

pass a night of horror, pain, and apprehension.

When Jaqueline regained her chamber, she yielded to the frenzy of her passions. She was conscious of the superior beauty of Julia, and secretly confessed that her manners and sentiments distinguished her from the common peasantry. But none of Julia's attractions could soften her heart; she even detested her more on account of her loveliness. She was still fixed on the execution of her plan; she swore a bold oath to God, that Ubric should never again smile on her accursed rival, whom she was resolved to force into banishment, or into death. Thought wildly crowded on thought; her anguish encreased every moment, and it was long after midnight when she heard a footstep near the door of her apartment. The noise made her start, for she thought there was no person, except

cept herself, awake in the castle. The unseasonable visitor, however, proved to be a female, who had been sent by the porter, to tell Jaqueline of the clamour and noise that the distracted Ubric made at the gate.

"Fear, at first, chilled her heart; but she soon recalled her fortitude, and, in an angry strain, commissioned the servant to give the disturber the answer that was afterwards delivered to him. She then hastened to a chamber in the front of the castle, in order that she might hear what Ubric would say; she listened, and heard him curse her. The voice died on her ear; his execrations made her tremble, and she went shivering to a restless bed.

In the morning Ubric forced his way into the castle; the porter opposed his entrance, and grappled with him; but

Ubric,

Ubric, with lion-like strength, seized his throat, and dashing him on the ground, ran towards the apartments of Jaqueline. He entered her room, and found her there, and alone ; she shrank as he approached, but he gripped her arm, and looking wildly in her face, taxed her with her crimes, and commanded her to restore Julia to him.

“ Monster! barbarian!” she exclaimed, “ what is it you madly talk of? Release me, or I will call up my servants, and sacrifice you to my resentment.”

“ Were you to call up the fiends of hell,” cried Ubric, in a cause like this I would resist them. Dress your face ambiguously as you can, and guilt will still stand recorded on it. Murder already hangs upon you—Where are the fiends, who, sanctioned by a greater fiend, so lately put to death an aged woman? Where are

are the monsters who have injured and insulted innocence, and robbed me of my Julia? I will seek them out; and them and you will I tear piece-meal, unless you restore to me the woman of my heart."

Jaqueline trembled at the mention of Katherina's murder; her blood curdled, and she could not reply.

"Your guilt, your guilt is evident," said Ubric; "it is written legibly upon your countenance. O, you pernicious woman! what answer will you make when you are questioned in heaven? Know that I loathe and detest you. Your deeds of wickedness shall be proclaimed to the world; and every finger shall be pointed to you as to a murderer. But give me my Julia; this instant give her to me."

"I know not of her—I—"

"Hellish

“ Hellish falsehood!” exclaimed Ubric. He caught her in his arms, and having dragged her into the hall, he threw her before the picture of her father. Now dare not, if you expect salvation, to cover your guilt with a lie. Look on the resemblance of him who gave you birth, of him who was my protector. Now swear, by God, who reigns in heaven, that you were neither an accessory to the murder of old Walmur, nor the encourager of the wrongs done to Julia.”

Jaqueline paused—

“ Even to that which you have said,” she replied, “ here, by God, who reigns in heaven, do I swear.”

“ And as to the truth or falsehood of it,” said Ubric, tremulously, “ may that heaven or hell be your portion.”

“ Amen!”

“Amen!”  
This was horrid confirmation to Ubric.  
“Oh, Julia, Julia!” he cried, as he ran  
out of the castle.

Left to herself, the horror of Jaqueline increased; for a moment she shuddered at her own impiety, and feared to raise her eyes from the ground. But it was terror, and not contrition, that awed her; and that terror soon lost its force, when, madly scorning the deity whose laws she had violated, and dreadfully cursing Ubric and all mankind, she threw her eyes, confidently, on the picture of her father, and afterwards went to the prison of Julia, whom she found enervated, and almost breathless.

Jaqueline was now going to make the last grand effort of revenge; and the subtleties

subtleties of hell seemed to force their way into her breast. She at first spoke with some degree of mildness, but still persisted in her former determination, which Julia contemptuously rejected. Her voice then enlarged, and she poured her threats ambiguously into the ears of Julia, who knew not that they implied any thing more than confinement. The blood alternately came into, and went from the face of Jaqueline ; her bosom heaved convulsively, and her breathings were short and loud. Again she urged her request, and again received a peremptory rejection. She sprang forward, and throwing her arms round Julia's neck, forcibly brought her to the ground. " See you this weapon?" she cried.

Julia shrieked, and exclaimed, " You will not murder me?"

" You

“ You shall die, if I have power to kill you. Repent not now; it is too late.” She struggled more fiercely with her rival.

“ Save, protect, defend me, Ubric!”

“ Peace, peace, and die quietly; your struggles will but encrease your torture.”

“ Spare, oh, spare the babe within my womb! Have mercy on the infant!”

“ The bastard of Ubric shall never see the light. It shall writhe on my dagger’s point!”

“ Ah, God! I am his wife—Lord of heaven!—”

“ Heaven nor hell shall hear you!” exclaimed Jaqueline; she plunged a knife

into the throat of Julia, and the blood immediately poured down her white neck. The victim however endeavoured to raise herself, but receiving another stab in the heart, she sunk down again, and, writhing, died under the hands of the sanguinary murderer. Jaqueline, scarcely knowing what she did, dragged the body to a corner of the room, and placed some of the furniture around it. "Let the eye of God peep upon me," she exclaimed, laughing madly, "and I care not. My doom is fixed; it is not to be averted. I am already acquainted with hell, and must still be more familiar with it."

She locked the door, and, watching cautiously the absence of the servants, regained her chamber unobserved. She had removed the stains from her hands, and changed her linen before any of her women intruded. She did not expect there-  
after

after to know tranquillity or joy; she even seemed to court perdition, and to raise the wrath of providence, in order to expedite her own punishment. Some few hours afterwards she contrived to draw her villains aside, and, after some necessary caution, she told them of her action; those who had murdered Katherina would not, she thought, regard her own foul deed with eyes too rigid. Her supposition was true; she bribed the monsters with gold, and obtained their assistance by promises; and the body of her who had so lately rested in the circling arms of Ubric, was thrown, unshrouded, into a hole which had been purposely dug in one of the vaults.

## CHAP. XI.

THE misery of Ubric was extreme and it almost deprived him of reason; the villagers fled at his approach, and he could scarcely convince them that he was not mad. He could not doubt the solemn asseveration of Jaqueline, nor could he believe, after a protestation made in the name of the Most High, that she knew aught of his wife. Whither, then, could Julia be? She had either been forced away by the order of the Reizenhains, or by banditti. He knew not where the marquis resided, therefore could not pursue her; but he again searched the woods, and

and looked into every mine and pit, in horrid expectation of discovering his murdered Julia.

Faint, weary, and almost lunatic, he entered the ruins of an ancient building, which was known to be the occasional haunt of the robbers who infested the country. He walked under the broken arches, and oft times groaned the name of Julia, whom he considered as lost to him for ever. As he left the ruins, a man, whose face was concealed, passed him swiftly, and dropping a paper at his feet, instantly disappeared among the trees. There was mystery in this incident. With a throbbing heart, and a trembling hand, Ubric took the paper, and to his astonishment found that it contained the following information. 'A stranger has been brought, with privacy, to the castle, and dangers probably surround her. If you

are interested in her fate, fly to her immediately. Search the castle throughout, and beware of the arts and hypocrisy of Jacqueline.'

"Stay, stay," cried Ubric, pursuing the stranger; but he could not overtake him, though he ran with astonishing rapidity. "If the intelligence of the man were true, would God suffer a wretch so vile, so perjured, and so blasphemous as Jacqueline, to live under his eye? Wickedness could not surely be carried to such an height." And yet he remembered her agitation, her faltering speech, and the hurried manner in which she repeated the oath he had proposed to her. He did not stay to reflect on the mystery of his informer, or on the probability of the circumstance; he believed Jacqueline to be a dissimulating fiend, and rage again fired his soul.

He

He was soon again before Jaqueline ; he would take no denial from the servants, but forced his way to her apartment before she was even apprised of his coming. Her spirit failed her when she saw him, and her cheeks, which had been heated by her sanguinary passions, changed to a pale and deadly colour. Fixing his eyes fiercely on her, Ubric told her his suspicions ; that he believed her to have been the cause of Katherina's murder, and of the absence of Julia ; and afterwards demanded, in a peremptory manner, to search the castle.

But this Jaqueline swore he should not do ; and many opprobrious epithets did she heap upon him for daring to doubt the validity of the sacred oath that she had made. By the transition of her countenance, by her trembling, and by her hurried manner of speaking, Ubric conjectured that she was attempting to impose

on him. He, however, disregarded her invective strain, and was proceeding to begin his search, without her consent, when she summoned a great number of her servants, and telling them that she believed Ubric had a design on her life, she commanded them to turn him out of the castle.

This order was obeyed ; Ubric struggled hard ; he was, however, overpowered by their superior strength, and compelled to submit. But before they could force him from the hall, he addressed Jacqueline aloud on the subject. “ Savage fiend ! ” he exclaimed, “ I shall not retract my opinion of you ; your guilt is blazoned on your face ; your dissimulation is too shallow, and your artifice too weak. I still believe that Julia is in your power, and I will soon be convinced of it, and obtain an armed force, which you dare

not

not oppose. Be cautious, in the interim, of what you do ; let the person whom you detain be restored in safety, and do not encumber your soul with a second murder."

" Bold, audacious villain!" cried Jacqueline. " Bear him hence this instant ; and do not let me be insulted with impunity."

He was immediately forced out of the castle, and the gates were closed upon him. Agitated as Jacqueline was, she found that it was still necessary to exert herself ; and when the servants again returned to the hall, she advanced boldly towards them, and addressed them with astonishing confidence.

" Ye have all heard," she cried, significantly glancing her eyes towards Rastner and Gothing, the murderers of Katherina,

—“ Ye have all heard how vilely I have been calumniated and threatened by an ungrateful barbarian, whom my father, your deceased lord, unhappily cherished in his bosom, and for whom I lately bore a considerable friendship. Can any of you possibly believe the absurd tale he has been telling? Can any of you suppose that I have any knowledge of the person for whom he frantically raves, and on whose account he heaps opprobrium on me?”

“ Certainly not,” cried Rastner.

“ Certainly not,” rejoined all the servants except one, who sent a look to Jacqueline, which instantly terrified her, and withdrew abruptly. She however was the only person that noticed it, the servants having been too intent upon what she had said, to make any similar observation. To veil her wickedness, and to place

place the words of Ubric in the light of falsehood, she insisted on their looking into every part of the castle. They all retired, except the two monsters who had forwarded all her views, and to them Jaqueline vented her new alarms and apprehensions. The looks of the servant who had retired reached her soul, and sickened it; nothing could escape her penetrating eyes, and she did not doubt but that the man was in possession of the important secret.

“Tortures of hell,” exclaimed Jaqueline, “we shall yet be betrayed and given up to shame, and to destruction. Ubric will besiege me with a military force, and this accursed slave, vaunting of his honesty, will divulge the secret that he has mysteriously acquired, to every person he meets.”

" He cannot know it," said Rastner.

" He can, he does ;" cried Jaqueline ;  
" the wretch curiously told me of my  
guilt when he retired. He must have  
seen you bring in the victim of my rage.  
I am terrified, frightened, almost mad ! O,  
Ubric, what hast thou brought me to !  
Tell me, tell me how my shame and ruin  
are to be prevented ! Accomplish this ;  
purchase silence of this man, though it be  
at the rate of half my fortune."

" Nay, do not fear," said Rastner ; " I  
can effect all by the means of a little  
bribery."

" But what if he is not to be bribed ?"

" O, I shall tender him ore which he  
will not be able to resist."

" Jaqueline

" Jaqueline heard the servants returning; her head, her heart, and even her body were racked by pain, and she ran away precipitately.

In the evening of the same day these joint fiends of death, rapaciously expecting a golden reward, planted a poignard in the heart of Ubric; and when the night was further advanced, stole into the chamber of the honest servant, who had been the informer of the unfortunate Ubric, and tying a cord around his neck, while he was sleeping, loosened not their hold until they had strangled him. They had been actors in similar scenes before they entered into the service of Jaqueline, and felt no compunction on viewing the last struggles of a fellow man, on whom their savage hands had been fixed. They had assassinated Ubric in a field at no great distance from the castle; but fearing some

some suspicion might arise if the body were left there, they afterwards deposited it in the vault in which that of his lovely, his blooming wife had lately been placed.

The midnight hour was past, and Jacqueline was waking ; the castle was still ; not a voice, not a footstep was heard. Reflection brought forward almost madness ; her mind was stored with images of terror ; conscience was incessantly tormenting her, and, for the first time, her impetuous passions were supprest by fear. The enormity of her guilt turned her cold, and she trembled when she thought of hell. Her ferocity had worn away, nor could she any longer regard the after-state with indifference.

A gentle rapping was heard at the door ; she started wildly up, and was running wildly into an interior room, when the door was

was opened, and Rastner and Gothing cautiously entered. Her terror, in some degree, abated ; they placed their fingers upon their lips, and beckoned her to follow them.

Still greatly agitated she silently obeyed them ; they led her down into the vault, and pointing to the body of Ubric, bid her rest for ever in security. She shrieked with horror when she cast her eyes downward, and sunk upon the bloody breast of Ubric. The ruffians, astonished by her actions, hastily shut the door, lest her screams should be heard, and wished to know the cause of her terror.

“ Infernal villains” she exclaimed, “ what have ye done ? Murder, murder, murder !”

“ Be

“ Be calm. Your shrieks will reach the servants ears, and bring them down to us. What, then, will become of us? What mean these frantic actions?”

“ May ye both, from this hour,” she cried, “ feel every complicated anguish that preys upon the human body. Know you not that hell already gapes for you;”

“ Aye, and for you too, lady,” said Gothing, fiercely.

“ Then let us in together,” cried Jacqueline, madly; “ sooner or later it must be so with us. What have ye done? Why did ye bring me hither?”

“ To shew you the body of your enemy; of the man whom, in life, you hated.”

“ Loved,

“ Loved, adored, worshipped ! had you sacrificed half the world, I should not have had so much cause to curse you.”

“ You are mad.”

“ It is a lie ; madness would be a blessing. Oh, this deed—this deed!—Damnable villains! May God set a curse upon you, and upon your posterity for ever.”

“ Hold, madam,” cried Rastner, “ are you not yourself a murderer, a cruel, a bloody murderer ?”

“ And could we not,” added the other fellow, more savagely, “ divide your body and soul ? Could we not tear the veins and arteries of the one, and send the other, posting on a whirwind, to the regions of darkness ?”

“ Oh !

“ Oh! if you would be merciful,” cried Jaqueline, “ execute your threats ; or hold the weapon up, and I will run upon it. What an object is this ! how pale and gory ! Is this the man for whom my soul panted ; with whose loved idea I have closed my eyes in the night, and awoke with rapture in the morning ? Ah, these lips ! how cold they are—my kisses will not warm them. Oh ! avenging heaven——”

She swooned on the body of Ubric, and retained not an appearance of life.

## CHAP. XII.

“ **S**HALL she ever wake again ?” said Rastner.

“ Let her wake, and be damned,” replied his ferocious companion : “ Our situation is now dangerous ; the fool, in her ravings, may discover us ; therefore let us put it out of her power to do us any injury. In the next passage there is a well, whose springs have failed ; we will cast the body into it, convey this female devil to her chamber ; and if we can discover any valuables, we will abscond before the morning.”

The

The body of the unfortunate Ubric was consigned to the place which Gothing alluded to ; Jaqueline was conveyed senseless to her chamber ; her cabinet was broke open ; her casket discovered, and carried away by the exulting villains, who quitted the castle about two o'clock in the morning.

When Jaqueline first recovered from her insensibility, a stupor affected her mind ; but it gradually wore away, and she was soon sensible of all the horrors of her situation. Her nature had changed, and terror took possession of her ; the morning had not yet broke, and the gloom of her chamber was made more terrific by the dying flame of her wasted taper.— Faint convulsions agitated her body, and she shivered excessively, tho' she seemed as if flames were devouring her.

Had

Had the murder of half the world fettered her soul, she could have borne it better than Ubric's death. Ferocious as she had been, she never harboured the thought of depriving *him* of existence; nay, rather than have done it, she would have taken life from herself. Her hatred had been of short duration; her former passions were not to be routed, and love had acquired an ascendancy over disdain. Horrid, then, was the confirmation of his death; it had been her wish to lay her head lovingly on that breast which she had lately seen mangled and gory.

Occupied as her mind was, she could not avoid noticing the confused state of her room, nor that the locks of her cabinet had been forced open, and the caskets removed. She had scarcely taken her eyes from it, when the woman came running into her chamber, with an aspect of terror,

terror, and immediately told the agitated Jaqueline that one of the servants had been found, strangled, in his bed, and that Rastner and Gothing had left the castle.

“ Oh, this is horrible !” cried Jaqueline, pressing her clenched hands on her forehead ; the devil will exult at this.— Two murders in one night !—and, oh, sweet heaven ! two *such* murders.”

“ Two, madam !” said the girl ; “ God forbid ! this intelligence has agitated you ; there was but one.”

“ Say you there were not two ? then I dreamt of the other ; and surely no dream was ever so perfect. Oh, my head, my head ! Lead me to my couch ; and mention no more to me this murder.”

The

The girl attributed her mistress's illness to her terror, and was sorry that she had been so abrupt in her communications. Nothing but confusion was seen in the castle ; roused by the murder of their fellow servant, many of the domestics armed themselves with such weapons as they could find, and, even without asking the permission of Jaqueline, went in pursuit of the men whom they justly considered as the murderers. They were absent three days, when, after a fruitless search, they returned, harassed and disappointed.

Many days of misery and nights of terror passed over the head of Jaqueline ; her malady was beyond the power of medicine, and nothing could heal the wounds of her heart. The servants began to talk of her danger ; some of them wished for her death, and others thought it strange that her disorder should proceed, as it evidently

evidently did, from the circumstances of the man's death. Tortured in mind and body as Jacqueline was, she could still perceive the watchful curiosity of her attendants ; this aroused her ; she could scarcely suppress her indignation ; she strove to shake off the care and grief that hung upon her brow, and succeeded in the attempt.

She perceived the danger of her situation, and in order to avert it, she now entered into a wider field of dissimulation. Her masculine spirit was again invigorated ; and once more she began to look forward with her usual apathy. She smiled on the prospect of perdition. She pretended to recover rapidly ; and endeavoured to send pleasure from her sunken eyes. The castle was again open for the reception of visitors ; it was a haunt for the dissolute, the gay, and the unthinking.

Jacqueline

Jaqueline mingled with them ; and after they had withdrawn she would steep her senses in large draughts of intoxicating wine. She indulged herself in intemperance 'till it became habitual, and in this state only was she able to repel conscience.

It was three months after the murder of Ubric when she gave her hand, and resigned her possessions, to the Baron Zorbig, a man of dissolute principles, and ruined fortune, and whose only recommendation was his person. The love he bore for her was small ; that which she entertained for him was still less ; his motive for marrying her was gold, and the professions he made to her were totally devoid of sincerity. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp ; and the ceremony, according to ancient family custom, was performed at midnight. The chapel was splendidly illuminated ; and the bride was ushered into

I

it

it with songs and music. She was most sumptuously arrayed; and though she dressed her face with affected smiles, she went with a cold heart to the altar. As soon as their hands were joined the epithalamium was chanted; the dome was filled with harmony, and their friends came around them, in order to offer their congratulations.

As they were preparing to return to the castle, and had reached the door of the chapel, a female came close to Jaqueline, and taking hold of her robe, made a motion for her to follow into the adjoining aisle. Jaqueline smiled, and accompanied her, while her friends waited. The stranger held a wreath of the most beautiful flowers in her hand, and soon after placed them on the head of the bride.

“ These

"These flowers," she cried, "will fade only with your goodness; they will retain their beauty until you resign your virtue."

"Stranger," said Jacqueline, "I will wear them for your sake."

"Do so," replied the woman; "and when you look on them think of me." She lifted up a veil that had concealed her face, and Jacqueline discovered the pale features of Julia. The phantom glided down the aisle; the flowers that had been placed on the head of Jacqueline crumbled into dust; horror froze her blood, and she ran shrieking to her friends, and sunk into the arms of the astonished Zorbig.

The confusion that this circumstance occasioned was very great. Jacqueline could not explain the cause of her terror,

but she hurried out of the chapel, as fast as she possibly could. When they reached the castle Zorbig persisted in asking Jacqueline what had so greatly alarmed her ; and she replied that, she believed a person who had spoken to her in the chapel, had designed to take away her life, as she had worn a dagger, partly concealed, in her bosom. Jacqueline shuddered while she was telling this lie ; Zorbig endeavoured to persuade her that her apprehensions had been vain, and they immediately retired to the nuptial bed. But it was to Jacqueline a night of disgust and terror ; she loathed the embraces of the bridegroom, and the spectre of the chapel seemed to glide each moment before her eyes.

She was never seen to smile after her bridal day. Zorbig noticed her dejection, and very soon sternly enquired the cause

cause of it; but not being able to obtain any satisfactory answer, his curiosity faded with his passion, and while he squandered her wealth he beheld her with unconcern and indifference. This, however, did not much affect her; neither did his want of love disturb her; she upbraided him not for the little attention he shewed her, and only wished to have him near to her in the night, when the phantoms of conscience were conjured up, and appeared in their most dreadful forms.

Zorbig's companions were idle and dissipated men; some of them bore characters notoriously infamous; yet he delighted in their society, and joined them in all their follies, their extravagancies, and their vices. - He had been married scarcely three months when he abruptly quitted Germany, and went with his associates into Italy, with the intention of spending seve-

ral months in that country. Before his departure he drained the coffers of Jaqueline ; he did not give her any intimation of his intended journey, nor did she know of it until he had left the castle. Some few preceding months such treatment would have raised the wildest storm of passion ; but now she calmly submitted to it, and bore every insult with indifference.

Bodily affliction succeeded mental misery, and she soon seemed as if she were going to a grave, which she frequently courted, and as often trembled to think of. Her crimes were locked within her own breast, and she resolved to keep them there, though they should burst it. Her once vigorous mind became enfeebled ; she groaned under the effects of superstition, and was fearful of being left alone after sun-set. No visitors were now admitted ; and it was reported without the

the walls, that the Baroness was rapidly declining to the grave, owing to the desertion of her husband.

The wretched Jacqueline was, one night, sitting in her chamber; she was alone, and the last hour had been spent in stating her crimes, and wildly thinking of the consequences of them. The door of her chamber was gently opened, and a beautiful youth slowly entered, and timidly approached, as if he dreaded Jacqueline's displeasure. "Pardon, lady, this intrusion," he cried, "and oh! if you have mercy, shield and protect me from my savage enemies!"

"Who, and what are you?" enquired the astonished Jacqueline, who could not chide the intruder when she saw the beauty of his face.

“ Alas ! ” he replied, “ I am a poor youth, of humble and cruel parents ; they live at no great distance ; I was once their favorite child ; but now, I know not why, they want to deprive me of life. I heard them plotting my death ; I fled hither, with terror. I have heard your mercy much commended, and now beseech you to harbour me for awhile, and to allow me a sanctuary in your castle.”

“ Your request shall be granted,” said Jaqueline ; “ and your father shall be exposed and punished.”

“ Thanks, lady, thanks,” replied the boy ; while I stay here I will strive to amuse you, for there is much sorrow in your countenance. I have learned some old mournful stories, and, perhaps, I may soothe you by telling of them.”

Jaqueline

Jaqueline shook her head, and sighed deeply.

“ Nay, sigh not, lady,” said the youth, “ the earthly state is never truly happy; the ultimate reward of virtue is to be found in heaven.”

“ In heaven!—And think you, boy, that I shall ever go to heaven? ”

“ Aye, surely; all good people go thither; do they not? And I hope my father will go there, though he strives to murder me.”

“ Oh, my afflicted heart! ”

“ Come, come, you shall not be so sad; let me sing to you, and soothe you. I learned an old Bohemian ballad, of one

of our villagers, and its simplicity may please you. Will you hear me sing it?"

Jaqueline was greatly surprised by this adventure; but the boy's intrusion and loquacity did not displease her. She nodded an assent to his request, when, with a voice of sweetness, he chanted the following stanzas.

---

WHERE roll'd the billow, and where wav'd the willow,  
And where rose the fanes, all gilded and gay,  
Dwelt a lady so bright, that the first star of night  
Was less lovely—less lovely the great orb of day.

Her face it was fair, and her dark glossy hair,  
In ringlets, hung over her lily-white breast;  
And her eyes they were blue, like the hare-bell that grew  
On the sod, which the foot of the shepherd ne'er prest.

Rich

Rich castles and towers, and flow'r woven bow'rs,  
And vales, fields, and meadows, she many did own ;  
And the gems that were plac'd round her head, neck & waist  
Quite beggar'd the wealth of Bohemia's throne.

And many a knight, when warm from the fight,  
Or drest in his velvet, all cover'd with gold,  
At her feet oft has sigh'd, " My life, joy, and pride,  
O, give me thy smiles, and thy frowns pray with hold ! "

But she treated with scorn all those nobly born ;  
For a peasant she lov'd, and a peasant would wed ;  
And she swore that the youth, if, with beauty, he'd truth,  
Should share all her pleasures, and lie in her bed.

The witling refus'd ; and the smiles that she us'd  
To lure his rude heart, were all fruitless and vain ;  
Nor her wealth, nor her charms, nor her soft snowy arms,  
Could make him abandon his flock on the plain.

“ Fair Lady, he cried, while deep blushes dy’d  
His cheeks, on which loveliness ever was plac’d ;  
I cannot reveal the surprise that I feel,  
But must say that you are, by your passion disgrac’d.

I’m a rude, untaught youth, yet honour and truth,  
From my earliest days, have dwelt in my breast ;  
Contentment is mine, and your love I decline,  
To another the kind thoughts of love I’ve exprest.

She’s humble and poor, and o’er her cot’s door,  
And o’er its thatch’d roof, the thick jass’mine spreads ;  
And she lives in a vale, where to the light gale,  
The high rising poplars bow their green heads.

For all that’s rich on earth, for all that’s great in birth,  
I would not say to her, for ever farewell ;  
My professions are true, then lady, adieu,  
My love waits my coming in yonder lone dell.”

He bow'd and retir'd.—With rage and love fir'd,  
She call'd for her bravoes, and swore he should die ;  
Hell blaz'd in her breast, and destroy'd all her rest ;  
She gave them the weapon, and charg'd them to fly.

As thro' the green grove, the swain hied to his love,  
To his love, who was weaving a chaplet of flow'rs,  
The monsters of death depriv'd him of breath,  
And he ne'er more return'd to the maid in the bow'rs.

Now white phantoms glide by the murd'ress's side,  
While shiv'ring she hears her damnation proclaim'd ;  
And oft, in the night, she starts with affright,  
And sees a dread spectre, all gory and stain'd.

Rude, rude rolls the billow, no more waves the willow,  
No longer the fanes are all gilded and gay ;  
And the lady so bright can no longer delight,  
But is pining in sadness and sickness away.

Madness

Madness almost seemed to strike the brain of Jaqueline. "Hence, devil, hence!" she cried, with a sudden fury, while her cheeks became livid, and her eyes almost started from her head. She aimed a blow at the youth, but her hand seemed to divide the thin substance of his form, without being sensible of touching it. She started, terrified, back; additional beauty animated the face of the boy, and his appearance became ethereal.

"The bodies of heaven," he said, "are not susceptible of earthly resentment; you may as well offer violence to, and beat the common air. I am the spirit of Julia. My residence is in heaven; but I have the permission of the Most High to visit the earth while darkness hangs over it. But I must return to the purer regions ere the day-star rises. Assimilation of form is easy to me; farewell,  
we

we shall soon meet again. An important hour is at hand ; an hour in which you will be questioned by God's own ministers. Prepare, therefore, to meet it ; prepare for the early dissolution that awaits you."

A radiant light beamed on the head of the spirit, and, pointing her finger upwards, she dissolved, and was seen no more.

Jaqueline threw herself on her knees ; a cold damp spread upon her forehead, and her women discovered her, some short time after, speechless and insensible. For several days it could scarcely be said that she existed ; she would not suffer her attendants to leave her alone, even for the space of a minute ; and every hour her body became more lax and enervated. Her days were afflicting, and her nights horrible.

horrible. The spectre had said that they should soon meet again ; with dread and apprehension she continually looked for its re-appearance, and she trembled almost to annihilation, when she thought of the important hour to which the spirit had alluded.

Futurity was horrid to pry into, and she closed her inflamed eyes upon it. Sometimes she would sit silently for several hours, without observing the people who were near to her; and at other times she would shriek loudly in their ears, throw her arms wildly around them, and implore them to save her from the flames of hell.

## CHAP. XIII.

ZORBIG, after an absence of several months, returned to Germany, and the earliest domestic information that reached him was, that his wife was mad. In the first interview, however, that he had with her, he was convinced of the fallacy of this report ; but, though she still retained her senses, it was evident that her dissolution was near. This did not cause him any affliction ; it rather served to gratify him ; for at her death, both his power and fortune would be considerably increased.

The crisis of Jacqueline's fate was now at hand ; and the circumstance that the warning

warning spirit had spoken of now took place. One night, as she lay in her bed, she entertained a presentiment of her departing from life ; she cast her eyes forward, and at her feet appeared the shadows of Ubric and his wife. Jaqueline strove to shriek loudly, but her tongue was immoveable ; she likewise strove to throw her arms round Zorbig, but her nerves were contracted, and could not be brought into motion. She was raised by an invisible power from her bed, and hurried forward ; she endeavoured to turn back, but was still borne onward ; the shades of the murdered went before her ; they seemed to be the directors of invisible agents, and she was soon driven into the chapel, and thrown against the cold marble of her father's tomb. She was too faint to move ; her hands were spread over her naked breast, and the fingers of death pressed upon her eye-lids. She was sensible of all that she saw and heard.

“ By

“ By thy unnatural hands,” said the spirit of Julia, “ was I deprived of life, and doomed to horrid tortures. By thee my death was occasioned ; thou didst spurn at the laws and commandments of the Supreme of Heaven, therefore to death and everlasting pain art thou doomed.”

“ Oh, mercy ! mercy !” cried Jacqueline, faintly.

“ There is none for thee,” said the figure that resembled Ubric ; “ thy crimes will not admit of pardon ; therefore to death and everlasting pain art thou doomed.”

The shiverings of Jacqueline now became more excessive ; she again unclosed her heavy eyes, and, by the faint light, saw the sepulchre open, and the pale semblance of her father come out of it. His step was solemn ; he approached near  
to

to her, and fixed his dull eyes upon her convulsed face.

“ Oh, heaven!—My father!”

“ Such was I once—thy tender, loving father! My residence is above; but, oh, I never must meet thee there! The smile of Omnipotence will never beam upon thee; and though immortal thou wilt be, yet never wilt thou know the bliss of immortality. In the tablets of the All-wise, there stand recorded no crimes equal to thine; and to the nature of our virtues and our vices are our joys and our woes awarded. Thy doom is, I fear, determined; and if it be, not the joint voices of our angels and seraphims can even extenuate thy punishment. Oh, wretched daughter! vengeance and wrath will hereafter pursue thee, even to time unlimited. To death and everlasting pain art thou doomed.”

“ Oh,

“ Oh! — oh! — ”

She fell backward ; her limbs lengthened ; her eyes closed for ever, and she felt the separation of soul and body. Her spirit burst from thraldom ; it retained a palpable similitude, and likewise the properties of sense. The dome of the chapel opened, and the moon-beams lighted the ascending spirits on their way. Their flight was rapid, and ere the morning broke upon the lower world they had passed some of the heavenly bodies.

The light became effulgent ; the sorrowing spirit of Jaqueline cast its eyes upon the tract they had passed, but the nether globe was lost in immensity. Silence was observed by the guiding spirits, on whom Jaqueline oft times mournfully looked. They ascended among the planetary orbs, and avoided the solar regions. Jaqueline frequently saw that her conductors

ductors beheld her with pity, and that her father gazed on her with dejection. She strove to fall from the wonderful height they had gained ; but an impulse, which she could not resist, bore her still nearer towards heaven.

At length their course became more circuitous, and the light grew stronger. Myriads of winged beings swept along the sky, and the loud hosannas of angels reached the ears of the stranger spirit. Her torture encreased ; her father looked more mournfully on her, and consigning her to the companions of his flight, he disappeared among the bright clouds through which they were passing.

They bore her weeping to the judgment seat of God, where she was arraigned and condemned. The beings of the region heard the sentence, and trembled at it ; and the spirits of the murdered retired in tears.

tears. The culprit's supplications were not heeded ; and she was hurled indignantly from heaven.

Fathoms, and millions of fathoms she fell ; she perceived a difference in the appearance of the beings as she descended. She saw no brightness ; she heard no harmonious choirs ; loud execrations and blasphemy smote her ear ; and she was rudely seized by the exulting fiends, and borne to the portal of hell. She knew it to be the place of the damned, and strove to fly from it ; but she had no power to ascend. She shrieked, and struggled with her foes ; but the gates were opened, and she being driven into them, they closed upon her for ever.

THE END.

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